THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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RUSSIA AND RELIGION

ACCORDING to a report issued by the committee on Russian-American relations of the American Foundation, discussing the main factors entering into the question of recognition of Russia by the United States, the matter of religion is "entirely irrelevant," although the committee condescends to say something about this "irrelevant" matter, "because of the somewhat widespread apprehension in this country as to Soviet 'persecution of the Church.'" Whereupon, the report goes on to state that the Soviet policy of separating the Church from the State and from schools is "not very different from our own constitutional ideas which assure the undenominational nature of our public schools and forbid our ever having any established state religion."

Among those who sign this report which, while it does not expressly recommend the recognition of Russia, does most powerfully build up a case for it, by stressing all the presumed advantages and minimizing all difficulties, there are not only such men as Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, who has as an engineer constructed great public works in Russia, and other representatives of American industry who are concerned with the advancement of American business, like James D. Mooney, president of the General Motors Export Company, George H. Houston, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, but there are also many representatives of American universities, mostly professors of economics and law. Thomas W. Lamont, of the Morgan firm, is a member of the committee. So is General William N. Haskell. So too is Right Reverend William Scarlett, bishop coadjutor of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Missouri. A former ambassador to Japan, Roland S. Morros, and Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, of the Mayo Clinic, represent other major influences in American life. It may be confidently affirmed that this highly distinguished group is primarily concerned with the best interests of their own country, and of the world, in their study of the Russian question. The men composing the committee cannot be accused of pro-Bolshevism. They represent, on the contrary, that preponderant element in our present capitalistic system which has reached a deliberate judgment that Russian Bolshevism, as a system, does not seriously challenge the institu-

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tions of the United States, and that the practical advantages of entering into full diplomatic and consular relations with the Soviet government outweigh all suggested dangers. They are entitled to their opinion. But in view of the known facts of the religious situation in Russia, they are either appallingly misinformed as to those facts, or else callously indifferent to them, when they dismiss the religious issue as "entirely irrelevant" to the matter of the recognition of Russia, and when they most preposterously say that the Russian religious policy is not "very different" from the American.

How such an outrageous statement could be issued when documents absolutely proving that the persecution of all forms of religion is raging in Russia are available to all who desire to know the facts, is most difficult to understand. For example, there is the report published in 1930 by the American Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities, which reads as follows:

"After making all due allowances for the political, social and religious background of the Russian situation, and the difficulty of the problems with which the Soviet government has had to deal, the plain fact remains that religious persecution appears to prevail in Russia on a scale unprecedented in modern times; that this persecution is not based on objection to any particular form of religion—Orthodox, Jewish, Protestant, Roman Catholic or Mohammedan—but on hostility to religion as such, and a determination to extirpate it for the coming generation in any and every form; and that this determination finds expression in confiscation of churches, punishing priests, rabbis, and ministers who perform the duties of their sacred calling, forbidding them and all parents under severe penalties to teach religion to groups of children, however small, under the age of eighteen; while the government, not content with forbidding the religious instruction of children itself teaches them in government schools to repudiate and hate religion as superstition and the enemy of the State.

"The committee has considered the question whether the persecution is due to groups of individuals, or to laws promulgated by the Soviet government, and it is aware that the Constitution includes a section on religious liberty and that the Russian officials claim that religious liberty does exist and that the persons punished were guilty of violation of law. The fact is, however, that laws that have been promulgated by the Soviet government, copies of which are in our possession, prove that the government itself is directly responsible for restraint upon religion which makes the constitutional provision a dead letter. For example, paragraph 17 of the 68 restrictive paragraphs in the 'Decree of the All-Russian Executive Committee and the Council (Soviet) of the Peoples Commissariat,' April 8, 1929, declares that 'the religious societies are prohibited . . . the rendering of material aid to their members; the organization of special meetings for children, young people, and women; the organization of prayer meetings, of public meetings for Bible study. . . .'

"The question whether protest should be made against gross injustice has been settled by the conscience of mankind. If bitter wrong be done to millions of innocent victims, it is unthinkable that humane men and women should hold their peace. It is inevitable that they shall voice the protest of their souls. It is historically true that such protests have not 'done harm' but have been a mighty remedial force for good. It is not protest against wrong but silence that does harm.

"The committee is aware that, while persecution in Russia is the most formidable assault that is now being made upon religious liberty, there are manifestations of like hostility in some other countries, and that there are men in our own land who extenuate the efforts of the Soviet government to abolish all religion and to punish as law-breakers those who continue to teach it. Such a spirit can be exercised only by the power of an enlightened public opinion which, in the long run, is sure to prevail against wrong. It is to this public opinion that we appeal. The committee therefore renews its former earnest request to the leaders of Christian churches, Jewish synagogues, and the representatives of other religious beliefs, to use every proper resource consistent with their faith and practise to express their sympathy with their distressed brethren in Russia, to voice their protest against the cruel wrongs to which they are being subjected, and to develop a stronger moral consciousness of the inestimable value of religious freedom and the necessity of emphasizing it in these days when the maintenance of this inalienable right is seriously threatened."

Since 1930 religious persecution in Russia has been intensified. The alleged right of public worship has been hedged in by so many restrictions and even by penalties, that it has an ironical significance. Churches are used for secular purposes, or are closed sometimes by the expedient of so-called petitions of people in the neighborhood. The mere avowal of religious beliefs invites the suspicion, ill-will and open hostility of government officials. It must be recognized that the profession of religious faith today in Russia is almost the sure road to martyrdom. It would be hard to find in all history so complete and brutal a denial of the right of religious liberty.

We most emphatically agree with Bishop Schrembs, of Cleveland, that "it is not too much to expect our government to ask, in the coming planned negotiations, that Russia promise liberty of conscience and of religious worship to its citizens." If it made—and kept—such a promise, then might it be compared to the United States, but only then.

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WEEK BY WEEK

ON THE foreign fronts there is a kind of oppressive calm. It is oppressive because so much is left unsettled that obviously will precipitate overt activities of varying degrees of violence in the near future.

Here and There

In Germany the vote of the country for or against the Hitler government has been so framed on the ballots that Germans will have little choice other than to vote for or against Germany. A negative vote would have all the appearances of identifying the voter as a traitor, and there can be no doubt the citizen with any concern for the safety of his skin and the comfort of his family will not be unmindful of this, regardless of what his positive patriotic impulses are. The negotiators in the United States for an arrangement on Great Britain's debt are about to return home and the very meager reports emanating from Washington indicate that nothing substantial was accomplished. France is expected to default again, though she has shown some concern over having one of her own debtors default to her. Meanwhile President Roosevelt's embarkation on a policy of buying gold in the world market has not shown any clear effects as yet, other than to surprise foreign countries that seemed to consider themselves as having a monopoly on managing foreign exchange for their own benefit. Some pompous expressions of apprehension lest this lead to a "currency war" are a little after the fact, as this has been going on now for some years. Mr. Litvinoff is speeding to the United States for recognition of Soviet Russia and the extension of huge credits to his country, while a group of bankers is already issuing releases urging the American people to try to forget all the money they have loaned abroad now in default and to venture bravely again. Secretary Hull on the eve of departing for a good-will tour of South America has hinted that the United States should have some fixed policy on foreign trade. In short, though little is for the moment being done, much is to do.

WHILE we in common with most everyone else feel a certain anxiety about the new deal, aggravated at times almost to the old desperate feeling of fear by the gloomy prophets who attack it, when we turn our attention to facts we are encouraged. These do seem to offer steady, cumulative evidence that the worst is over, that if each of us hangs on and plugs away with rugged individualism of the right kind, the country will get back to a level of cheerful, confident living. While in no way forgetting that millions are still unemployed, we cannot neglect the record, of which we have already written, that more than 2,700,000 persons have been reemployed since March and over $64,000,000 added to weekly wages. As President Roosevelt pointed out in his fireside radio talk, the farmers of the country will receive 33 percent more dollars this year for what they have produced than they received last year. And now perhaps most significant of eventual success, is a report published by the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* which shows that the net incomes earned by industry during the third quarter of this year—during most of which, industry has operated under the code provisions of NRA—have been markedly improved and the improvement has been general. Here are some specific instances, and remember these are net income figures, and are not indications of a mere increase in volume of business without profit, the phrenetic industrial frenzy that characterized the years just preceding the crash: American Hide and Leather, 1933, $315,000, 1932, $148,000; Commercial Solvents, 1933, $642,000, 1932, $306,000; Crosby Radio, 1933, $65,000, 1932, a loss of $223,000; General Motors, 1933, $33,342,000, 1932, a loss of $4,464,000; Standard Brands, 1933, $3,669,000, 1932, $3,242,000; and Marshall Field, 1933, $955,000, 1932, a loss of $1,710,000.

Gains and Limits

THAT is a pretty stiff dose of figures, but there is a saga of accomplishment behind them, of employment, of the exchange of useful commodities and of an accelerated turn-over of money that will bear reflection. Dividend coupon cutters may continue for a while longer to bemoan the small trickle of funds to them, as the deficits of past years have to be made up by a longer period of improved business, but their prospects are surely brightening if the present progress can be aided and sustained. Incidentally we might point to the steady position of the Standard Brands which deals in food products, to illustrate—though of course there may have been special conditions governing the instance selected—a trend substantiated by other studies. This is that the price and turn-over of staples has been relatively unaffected by the depression. In other words, people will eat, even if they have to beg. Conversely, it is another illustration of the fact that the market for food products is a relatively inelastic one. People can consume just so much pork and beans and bread, or other farm products, no matter what their purchasing power may be. This is not true of manufactured products, as people will add to their acquisitions of clothes and gadgets and comforts and amusement means, such as automobiles, radios and boats, pretty generally as their purchasing power increases. This is the fundamental reason why Secretary Wallace has the tough job against which many farmers are grumbling of limiting the production of farm products, while the NRA is stim-

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ulating manufactured production. The farmers must raise their purchasing power by limiting production so that there is not such a surfeit of farm products as to lead to ruinously low prices. As they are able to raise prices, raise their incomes, they are able to enjoy more of the conveniences and amenities of modern life and simultaneously they are better customers for expanding industry. In conclusion we might point to the New York *Sun's* compilation of dividend changes which showed that since March of this year to the end of October only 246 stock issues have omitted dividends, compared to 967 such omissions in the same period last year, while 123 stocks have resumed payment of dividends as against 49 last year, and to the last report by Dun and Bradstreet which shows business failures for the last two weeks of October to be only half of what they were a year ago. As we said at the beginning of this editorial, the facts when faced are reassuring.

Euthanasia

WE HAVE no space at the moment to examine in detail the defense of the German government's proposal of painless death for incurables, which Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes presents in the *World-Telegram,* but it calls for at least a word. Dr. Barnes's arguments are familiar to anyone who knows the rather naive thought processes of the earnest, unreligious, dynamic type of radical—the type which is far too busy reforming life to learn to understand it. He holds it wrong to permit intense suffering to continue, if the sufferer cannot be helped and wishes to die. This is always put forward as a practical social doctrine, as against the mere obstructiveness of obscurantist morality. Hence we would invite Dr. Barnes's attention to the social preeminence and the high stamina of some of the groups which have practised killing, not for punishment but for social convenience. Sparta perished utterly from the face of the earth; Athens could not withstand Rome; Rome could not withstand the barbarians, and was salvaged solely through the sustaining power of the institution which, by one of the divine accidents of history, took her over—the Catholic Church, whose views on the subject of euthanasia cause Dr. Barnes such judicious grief. Currently, euthanasia is found among the children of nature who huddle in the more untouched corners of the universe.

DR. BARNES essays to answer the religious opponents of the measure also. It is not true, he affirms under this head, that "God alone gives life, and hence He alone can take life." Biological science shows that "human life is produced as a result of certain bio-chemical processes which are participated in by man alone." To this we simply cannot put forth any reply with the assurance that Dr. Barnes would understand it. We merely complete the paragraph by stating that biology gets us no nearer to the cause and creation of life than astrology or phrenology. Biology charts the processes by which life is perpetuated; but chart it never so carefully, it cannot get an inch back of these processes. They are not self-created, they are not created by man, and they certainly are not created by biology. They are not inevitable, but absolutely arbitrary. The form of their operation and the reason for their life-eliciting virtue are as unfathomable today as on the first day of creation. No biologist can understand them. And to do biologists justice, most of them admit it.

Strikes and Unions

LAST week the problem of strikes was dealt with in a comprehensive article treating of the country as a whole and in this issue the problem is studied in a particular industrial microcosm. There is no dismissing the seriousness of the problem with the comforting reflection that strikes characterize the ends of depressions, or in other words, the beginnings of renewed prosperity. Like the other actualities menacing our national recovery they have to be struggled with realistically and if allowed to spread beyond measure could be disastrous to the many thousands now beginning to take some little hope again for the future. As we go to press, Secretary Perkins of the Department of Labor has just made an interesting release which shows that the strikes of the six months ending with September, compared with 1921 when the first post-war depression was about to come out of the bottom of its trough, have been fewer and less severe. The Secretary in fact looks forward to a period of industrial peace. In it labor, industry and the public all will be the gainers. The National Labor Board and the Conciliation Service of the Department of Labor for the first time offer effective means for the rational and fair settlement of labor disputes which heretofore have been only temporarily settled by *force majeur.* Strikes and lockouts from April to September, the Secretary reveals, have numbered 900 while in the same period in 1921 they numbered 1,453. Then, 895,048 workers were involved, as compared with 584,000 during the recent months. We are making progress.

Children and the Depression

IN A PUBLIC interview given in New York recently, Mrs. Margaret Ayer Barnes, Pulitzer Prize novelist of two years ago, spoke of the fortunate effect of the depression upon children. It is not our purpose merely to cavil at her statement that "they are going to be a wonderful generation, these youngsters who are growing up now"; for there is truth, and wholesome truth, in what she says, if it is understood

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to apply strictly to the children of the highly privileged. It is an undeniable as well as a good thing that "the standards of family life" are returning, now that "the three-car standard" has vanished, and "people find most of their amusement in their homes." But it seems a pity that Mrs. Barnes, as a serious writer, an influencer of opinion and a citizen, did not think fit to bring in another set of closely related facts before she closed her survey. There are other children besides those of families so happily circumstanced that they can still find amusement together in their homes. On the same day as her interview appeared, the Child Welfare League announced that 600,000 of them will be homeless and dependent this winter. There are further uncountable adolescents drifting from town to town, and tramping the roads. And there are the millions of children of families who still hold together, but who cannot provide their helpless and growing members with the common minimum of necessities. The plight of children generally is, in fact, so grave, so unparalleled, that it is a constant and unforgettable challenge to anyone attempting social thinking. Against that background, Mrs. Barnes's little picture is bound to seem callous and complacent. We do not believe she actually deserves these terms, but we do remind her that this is no time to forget that we are all one people.

Restful Item

IN THESE days of black shirts and brown shirts, strikes, lockouts, oscillating stock markets, disarmament impasses, and, in general, almost cosmic disturbances resulting from the varied but ubiquitous struggle of individuals and groups to survive, it is like a breath from a lost Eden to be reminded that here and there inutilitarian activities still may be found. Activities which, like beauty in the famous Emersonian pronouncement, remain untainted by practicality, and constitute their own excuse for being. The report of one such has just been wafted to us, as so many other balmy things are, from the South. A professor from the University of Georgia has been devoting his time for several months to flipping pennies, with a view to ascertaining whether heads or tails really come up oftener. He works 200 pennies, in shifts, presumably, and each coin honored by use in this historic experiment has been weighed in a chemical scale, and balanced against the others to one-thousandth of a gram. The stint he originally set himself, 100,000 flips, is even now only half accomplished. To date, it reveals that heads and tails come up fifty-fifty; what it will show at its conclusion, who can dare to predict? One searches for parallels to this performance, but it is so near the nadir of futility that the search is not easy. There was the old lady in the war story who ate thousands of peaches so she could give the stones to the government; there were the hay hoarders in Ring Lardner's "I Gaspiri" who stood in timeless patience at the roadside and grabbed a wisp from every passing load; but these are the products of fiction, and cannot hope to compete with reality. Perhaps the professor's nearest competitor is that actual man who carved the Lord's Prayer on a pinhead, or the resourceful souvenir supplier in Chicago who engraves "Greetings from the Century of Progress" on the backs of live, and no doubt puzzled, turtles.

VALIANT WOMEN

MEETING in convention for the thirteenth time, the National Council of Catholic Women, at St. Paul, has given a magnificent demonstration of the reality of the faith and patience and capacity for hard, continuous, persistent work which are the distinguishing traits of its corporate character. That the Holy Father bestowed upon Miss Agnes G. Regan, the executive secretary of the N.C.C.W. since its inception in 1920, the award for great service to the Church which is betokened by the cross, "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice," must have strongly encouraged all her fellow workers in this great department of Catholic Action. No doubt they rejoiced that Miss Regan, as an individual, should be so signally and deservedly honored; but, knowing as they do how consistently she has placed the cause she served high above all merely personal interests, and how her work under the various presidents of the organization, and under the supreme authority of its episcopal chairman, has been identified with the work of the N.C.C.W., they could feel, as no doubt Miss Regan herself would feel, that this great body of American Catholic women were now directly enrolled in the army of world-wide Catholic Action under the supreme symbol of the cross.

In the report presented by Miss Regan of the work accomplished by the National Council of Catholic Women during the past year, there was presented a picture that covered the nation with a network of beneficent activities. It should always be recalled in connection with this organization that its special and tremendously important task, assigned to it and directed by the bishops of the Church in the United States, is that of aiding and strengthening the development of a truly Catholic consciousness of individual as well as group responsibility among all the Catholic women of the country. It was a federation not of autocratic, bureaucratic control, but a cooperative federation. The independence of all existing organizations of Catholic women is scrupulously respected. There is no interference with the respective tasks of such organizations. Local and regional requirements are duly recognized. But the breathing into all local and regional activities

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of the inspiration of a sense of unity, and of the desire to participate in national and international movements, accomplished by the headquarters of the federating agency, must also invigorate the local and regional and purely individual tasks of our Catholic women. There are some twenty thousand such organizations. Great progress has been made in linking them together—not in a rigid chain of bureaucratic uniformity—but, so to speak, as parts of the Fisherman's Net which the Church lets down from the Ship of Peter into the troubled waters of the world in its ceaseless quest of souls. For as Archbishop Murray of St. Paul declared in his sermon at the pontifical high Mass which opened the convention, the task which Catholics face today in the United States "is that of bringing back the Faith and the richness of God's life into the souls of more than 70,000,000 people who, after having enjoyed the fruits of Christian civilization for centuries, repudiate Christ and refuse to recognize the divinity of His Church." This supreme objective of Catholic Action is that which lifts the many and varied tasks of the N.C.C.W. to a high level of idealism. And only a high level of idealism can save social service from becoming narrow, petty, limited, and finally developing the creeping paralysis of materialism. Again and again this keynote of the work of the N.C.C.W. was sounded by the speakers.

Yet in spite of the progress which was reported, both Miss Regan's report and the message of the retiring president, Miss Mary G. Hawks, who has labored so valiantly for the past six years, frankly dealt with the difficulties still to be overcome. Only one field representative, Dr. Anna M. Nicholson, could be alloted to that vital work, because of lack of funds. Miss Hawks and Miss Regan were in the field as well, it is true; but it is obvious that without a competent group of field workers the growth of the movement is bound to be slow. After thirteen years of unremitting effort, as Miss Hawks states in her message, only about two thousand out of the twenty thousand parish groups of women are being directly influenced and inspired by the N.C.C.W. In the present emergency, as Miss Hawks points out, this limitation of the field is particularly deplorable. She says:

"The Catholic Church is the Church of the Poor. Her children are most deeply affected by the implications and opportunities of the National Industrial Recovery Act. What organization other than a national council of Catholic women could reach so effectively these millions of women, explain its provisions, invite the right type of cooperation, offset the socialistic demand for government control by showing how government supervision, as suggested by our Holy Father, may suffice. Yet this superb service to Christian principles, the National Council of Catholic Women cannot perform." As yet, the vast majority of organized groups of Catholic women have not heard, or do not understand—Miss Hawks declares—the call to mobilize as a great army to advance Christian principles in our national life. She calls attention, in a very striking way, to the consequences which follow lack of Catholic preparation for dealing with national problems:

"Doubtless you have observed in the Catholic press the earnest organized effort being made in Spain today to save Christian education from extinction. Spanish women have rallied to the polls —Spanish women have been voted into office to obtain a preponderant voice for the protection of religion, but too late to prevent the iniquitous legislation against the religious communities. They have organized too late *to prevent*. They must now labor *to repair*. The words of an influential Spanish woman ring constantly in my ears: 'We were not prepared.'

"We have the opportunity today to preserve and to revivify Christian ideals in our country. God forbid that we should ever stand before their ruins and say: 'We were not prepared.' "

Upon Miss Anne Sarachon Hooley, of Kansas City, who was elected to the office vacated by Miss Hawks, now rests the task of leading this absolutely essential movement. It may be taken for granted that these valiant women, both the leaders and the led, of the N.C.C.W., having already won so many victories, and having progressed so far, will be inspired, not daunted, by the challenge of their former leader. She is calling their attention to the hard facts of the situation they confront; but the central truth of their mission she also placed before them, and they can be trusted to deal with the difficult facts in the strength and consolation of that truth, which she so well expressed, as follows:

"I take it, therefore, we are all agreed that Catholics, trained to self-examination, reared in the principles of Christ and nourished by His life in the sacraments, are called upon to play an outstanding part in this reconstruction of our social order. I take it that the National Council of Catholic Women is here assembled in convention to meet the opportunity thus presented for Catholic Action.

"One might well stand awed into silence and impotence by the magnitude of the tasks so far exceeding our personal ability were it not for the leadership which is ours of Christ's Vicar on earth, the immediate direction of our bishops, the authorized shepherds of Christ's Church, and the assurance that has come down to us through the Christian ages from the great Apostle of the Gentiles that 'we can do all things in Him Who strengtheneth us.' "

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LABOR'S LAST WEAPON

By JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI

GOVERNMENT intervention in industry, with the NRA's insistence on the cardinal principle that a new order must be built on a cooperative partnership between capital, labor and the public, could not be accomplished without at least a temporary unsettlement. Further it was to be anticipated that the first phase of the blue eagle campaign would be paralleled by labor disturbances. Only a very impractical idealist would have expected all who signed the President's agreement to comply fully with its letter and spirit. The NRA organizations in the first months of their existence were not constituted to unearth violations, whether they were through ignorance, misunderstanding or deliberate opposition. On the other hand the workers themselves, given under the collective bargaining provision of the NRA a "new charter," were strategically placed to report and protest against such violations. Where these were discovered to be in contravention of NRA principles and the violators persisted in such contravention, the workers moved to protect their rights and strike calls followed.

Primarily the worker has come to regard the strike as his most potent weapon. It is his club and oftentimes he is provoked into using it when one less bludgeoning would be equally efficacious. This fact has been recognized both by government and labor officials, who look upon unnecessary strikes as endangering the entire program of recovery. Senator Robert F. Wagner, chairman of the National Labor Mediation Board, and William L. Green, president of the International Federation of Labor, have pleaded that the strike be used only as a last resort. Mr. Green does not absolve the employers from all blame but admits inferentially that "hasty judgment" of workers has militated against efforts to avert cessation of work through negotiation and discussion. A factor which has direct application to the situation is inherent in the federation itself.

For the National Recovery Act gave new life to organized labor. Today wage earners are flocking into unions. Calm judgment is sometimes lost in this rush toward immediate organization, and very definitely the strike has on certain occasions been used to promote unionization, or recognition of a union, or both. It is distinctly encouraging that, with the government, the federation is moving concertedly to reduce strikes to the minimum. Senator Wagner's board has sanctioned certain fundamental principles, among which the most important is that neither industrial nor labor combinations can be permitted to paralyze a whole industry. It pledges all possible dispatch in reaching decisions and in establishing such central and local organizations as may be required. Meanwhile it has squarely opposed either employers or employees initiating disturbances pending reviews before final decisions. But it has not yet been compelled to use its ultimate authority in the application of the NRA licensing provision. When and if that necessity should arise through capital's or labor's refusal to abide by its decisions, the crucial test of the NRA will come.

During the past months there has been extant in New York City, as a part of the local NRA organization, a labor mediation board which has established precedents in the field of labor disputes. Like the national board it is composed of equal representation of capital, labor and the public. On October 6, its creator, Grover A. Whalen, NRA Administrator for New York City, announced that through its mediatory offices strikes in thirty industries involving nearly 200,000 workers had been settled. Five strikes, affecting 16,500 workers, then in progress were being arbitrated. Efforts to avert other threatened strikes through peaceful adjudication were meeting with a response which indicated that a new psychology of cooperation was rapidly being developed. A record of what has been accomplished in New York indicates the results that can be obtained throughout the country. Above all, the history of the reorganization of the needle trades is illustrative of the problems which the NRA and labor have had to meet in New York City and which they will have to meet elsewhere.

The largest single industry in New York State, the needle trades has probably been the most troubled. It has been harassed by every kind of industrial strife. Many employers were as hostile to the industry's numerous evil practises as the workers themselves. Cut-throat competition had resulted in the worst form of sweat-shops. It is doubtful that any agency but the NRA could have effected reform, for employers and workers were poorly organized. It was in recognition of this fact that the first strike in the industry was called by the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union last August. It looked at once to the formation of employees and employers into two homogeneous units. After four days the strike was settled through the mediation of Mr. Whalen, whose arbitration board had not then been completely formed. Under the agreement sweat-shops and "slave" labor were abolished, the union and the principle of collective bargaining were recognized, and working hours and wage scales were adjusted in consonance with the NRA blanket

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code. Another important feature of this agreement was the limitation of the number of contractors to be engaged by one jobber.

Out of this latter stipulation grew further controversy. Under the limitation principle the "auction block" practice of farming out work to the lowest bidder, with the consequent undermining of work and wage standards, would be abandoned. Both contractors and union leaders held that the maintenance of this principle was imperative if the industry was to be stabilized. However the jobbers sought to eliminate this vital provision from the code for the entire industry which had been formulated in Washington. The union threatened a second strike in protest and the NRA local board was again called into action. All parties then agreed to arbitration which is now going on.

Meanwhile the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, following the August strike settlement, had increased its membership from 40,000 to 175,000. In a short space of time it grew from the twenty-third to the third largest union of the American Federation of Labor. In practically every city and market it has effected a shortening of the work week, a considerable increase in wages and the reemployment of thousands of cloak and dress makers. Through the code it has forced employers, who had even before the depression thrived upon exploitation of labor, to run for cover. Employers themselves officially admitted that the terms of new peace in the industry had transformed their trade from an economic shambles into an organization under which the worker's chance for a livelihood has been vastly improved and the fair-minded manufacturer has ceased to be on a steadily losing defensive.

Yet the union's victory did not extend to the entire needle trades. It applied only to coat and suit workers, and in order to extend similar benefits to other workers in the trades further strikes were called. In September there were among the twelve strikes, affecting the trades in New York, those of embroiderers, button and novelty workers, blouse and waist makers, underwear workers and children's dressmakers. There can be no doubt that work and wage conditions in these branches of the industry demanded correction. Hand embroiderers and crochet beaders, for instance, were mainly home workers who earned sometimes as little as $.10 or less an hour. The union was determined to bring about the elimination of all home work which here was entirely responsible for low wages, sub-standard working conditions and disorganization.

Yet it is not always easy to disassociate motives caught in a tangle. There was inherent in the situation the probability that the strike weapon was being used ill-advisedly and hastily. This was more especially true as stoppage in one trade drastically affected all other trades in the industry. Thus had the embroiderers' strike not been quickly settled by the New York board, then almost justified in believing that it was cutting off the heads of a hydra, 100,000 dress shop workers would have been forced out of employment. It is to be noted that Mr. Whalen's plea that the embroiderers return to work pending arbitration was refused. That a settlement, hailed as a victory for the entire trade and all those engaged in it, was reached on the following day is a fact which illustrated the needlessness of an immediate lockout. Union leaders wrote to Mr. Whalen: "Your patience and masterly handling of complex details were the chief factors which made possible the reaching of a settlement." They themselves had, however, shown neither patience nor the wisest handling of the situation.

In the majority of successive strikes called thereafter by the union and followed immediately by strenuous campaigns to secure 100 per cent unionization, settlements favorable to the workers were quickly agreed upon through NRA mediation. In one instance union leaders implied that it had been necessary at once to act through a strike in order to prevent left wing agitators from obtaining control of the workers. This instance might be related to a recent statement of Mr. Green which aligned anew the American Federation of Labor against communistic organizations. For he declared that the federation must continue, as it has in the past, as "the recognized all-embracing spokesman for American labor" and that there will be "no room in the United States for any other labor movement." There has been in New York evidence of this conflict between the federation and the Communists both in the needle trades and in other industries. In certain cases strikes in one industry have been simultaneously called by unions affiliated with both. This has presented another problem to the NRA board which is pledged to operate on the principle of dealing with those unions truly representative of the workers. The Communists have occasioned some disorder but the federation has consistently disavowed responsibility. The local board is prepared, in all questions of recognition of various claimant unions, to submit all its data to the national board which is empowered to conduct plebiscites among the workers. The NRA will thus determine which union—communistic, company or federation—is truly representative.

New York also will refer to Washington all cases of NRA violations supported by adequate evidence. Its first local test to force blue eagle employers to deal with employee representatives picked for collective bargaining was submitted on October 17. Twenty-five hundred workers in the needle trades, under the Children's Dress and House Dress Union, an affiliate of the federation,

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had been on strike for four weeks. The local board had determined that the union truly represented the workers but the employers' association refused to recognize it and twice declined Mr. Whalen's invitation to mediate. The National Labor Board, acting promptly, summoned the disputants to Washington and the hearing is now in progress. Its outcome will be of great importance only if the employers persist in a refusal to deal with the union and are penalized under the licensing provision of the National Recovery Act. In any event the history of this dispute establishes an index to the course which will be taken locally, in New York and throughout the country, when employers absolutely balk arbitration with NRA-recognized representatives of labor.

Without relation to the merits of individual strikes, the New York Labor Mediation Board is definitely committed to the axiom that every means should be assembled to prevent them. It maintains that those which are called solely for the purpose of unionization are certain to act as boomerangs. It points out that, besides the huge loss in business, 50,000 workers on strike in New York City lost $2,000,000 in wages in one week. The Toy and Doll Workers Union ended a five weeks strike, involving 5,000 workers, with an estimated loss of $1,500,000 in lost business and payrolls. Like figures of financial loss could be cited for the strikes of cleaners, dyers, pressers, truckmen, window cleaners, painters and boot and shoe workers.

There is one type of dispute for which apparently the NRA cannot find a basis for settlement. This proceeds from a question of jurisdiction over craftsmen, and is properly speaking solely an internal problem of the American Federation of Labor. A specific case in New York was that which grew out of a threatened strike of 20,000 workers in the knitted underwear industry. Two affiliates of the federation, the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union and the United Textile Workers, claimed jurisdiction over these workers. The latter organization had already called out 3,000 on strike and presented demands to supersede an agreement concluded between it and the manufacturers' association under the textile code. The former claimed jurisdiction, arguing that the workers largely manufacture coats and suits and should be under the coat and suit code which provides wage and hour terms superior to the textile code. It is important to note that the union leaders protested NRA intervention until the question of jurisdiction had been settled. The seriousness of this dispute and those of like kind becomes greater when it is remembered that the federation has seen many of these intra-mural strifes continue for years and it has as yet to establish a workable basis for a complete and lasting solution.

Indeed the determination of proper jurisdiction has led to the division of the federation into two factions and precipitated a discussion of its entire organization plan. For there are many in the federation who maintain that it is not organized to meet modern needs and that its greatest weakness is revealed in just such jurisdictional conflicts. They advocate reorganization which would supplant the horizontal with the vertical union. This is the stand which General Johnson, NRA Administrator, advocated in his address before the federation convention last month. Instead of one industry being compelled to deal with a multitude of unions, made necessary through enrolling workers according to their craft, it would, under the vertical plan, be able to deal with all its workers at one time. Had vertical organizations been the order, the rights of all workers affiliated in the needle trades could have been protected by the one New York agreement and there would have been no conceivable necessity for a multiplicity of strikes.

Although the federation convention went on record in favor of the horizontal or crafts union, many of the delegates continue in their belief that the federation must awake to the need of better fitting its place and function into a new era of planned economy and regulated industry. Labor's opportunity has never been greater than it is today. All that it has sought over many years lies within its grasp. Government has invited its complete organization, but in this invitation there is implicit the demand that it in turn cooperate with industry in every possible consistent way. Organized labor cannot afford to tolerate handicaps and hindrances of its own creation which will vitiate this cooperation. In the terms of its solution of internal problems, as much as in its victories under the NRA, will its future history be written.

Other Sheep I Have

At dusk, before my window frames the night,
The only dark I know besides the veil
Of faith that shows yet shuts You from my sight,
I kneel before the lamp that must not fail.

And, there, Your Voice, by heedless ears made sad,
Your Voice the men of Emmaus burned to hear,
Their eyes blindfolded to the Guest they had,
Speaks words that wake my sluggish soul to fear:

"My reapers gather in the grain they see;
The folded sheep My shepherds tend with care;
But errant sheep, to stray, alas, are free:
They shun the wheat and seize upon the tare!

"Oh, grasp the sickle; seek, reclaim, and feed
The sheep I love, the lambs that will not heed!"

SISTER MIRIAM.

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IN A PARK

By NAHUM SABSAY

THE trees and bushes of a secluded park thicket—a compact green mass interlaced with brown, red and gold—crowded over the banks of a miniature pond, and, reflecting in the smooth, olive water, created another inverted thicket, base to base with the first. The sun had already dropped below the tree tops. The surface of the water, losing the last lingering patches of sunlight, grew dark.

Except for the usual little noises of a forgotten wooded corner all was quiet here. From afar came the deadened hum of a city and the floating sounds of a concert piece played by a band. There was no movement here. Nor were there any people, except a young man and an old one who occupied separate benches not far from each other.

The young man sat with his shoulders rounded, his back arched, his head lowered, his clasped hands hanging between his knees. Yet even in this posture he gave an impression of being well-formed and supple. He had a smooth face which would have been called strong had it not been overlain with a strange, worn look. The old man sat with bearded chin resting on the knob of his cane and his kindly eyes fixed upon the young man.

They had been sitting thus for some time when the old man rose, a tall figure with a large beard and bushy mustache, both of soft whiteness, and, leaning on his cane, advanced unhurriedly. He looked the patriarch—a patriarch in shabby modern clothes. As he reached the near end of the other's bench, and sat down, the young man, annoyed, jumped to his feet.

"No go! Sit down!" the old man stopped him quietly, his tone and his English agreeing exactly with what one would expect to hear.

The young man retook his seat, pulled out his pipe, stared at it, and slowly put it back into his pocket. This action brought a knowing smile to the old man's eyes. He produced a package of cigarettes and tended it to the other. The other started, took a cigarette and uttered his "Thanks."

"All American smoke pipe," the old man observed, striking a match and lighting the other's and his own cigarettes. "We no smoke so much pipe in Russia."

He spoke with an indefinable accent. The young man replied nothing. A little fish jumped out of the water and fell back with a faint splash.

"Bad time now in America," the old man observed. "Only not so bad like we had in Russia."

Again the young man did not answer. He puffed at his cigarette, staring at his shoes.

"I see you no happy today," the old man said softly.

The other raised his eyes, "Unhappy?" he asked. "Why, no." He rose once more and added, "I've walked much today and I am tired."

"No go," said the old man. "Stay and we talk a little. I know you no happy. I was no happy, too. Many time. So you no fool me," he finished with a warm smile.

The other stood, half-turned as if deliberating. Then he slowly sat down and, smoking, gazed at the opposite edge of the pond where branches of willows cascaded down to the water.

"You no got job?"

The young man shook his head.

"Bad time in America now, very bad time. I sell tea. Russia tea. Go houses and sell tea." He crossed his hands on the knob of his cane.

"It must be hard work," the young man remarked as though speaking to himself.

"Yes, very hard work. Much walk, heavy basket, many people no good and many people foolish." He glanced at his neighbor and, realizing that the other was not listening, ceased to talk. A while later, however, he ventured another opening: "This is very good park."

"First rate," the young man answered. And turning his face to the old man, he asked with a flash of animation, "Have you a family?"

"One son. All I have now. But he married."

"Oh!" the young man ejaculated.

"I had four more childs. Three boys, one girl. Only they all dead now. And mine wife dead, too. Girl killed in pogrom, two boys killed in war, and one boy die Siberia."

He paused, then continued. "I had good business when I in old country and I lose business, too. Only, business nothing. I make new business four time and I can make new business again. But I no can make dead wife and children live again." He followed with his eyes a young couple who appeared from a side path, and walked slowly arm in arm part way around the pond, and became lost from sight.

"I have own store when I eighteen," he resumed. "And when I nineteen, mine mother tell me one day, 'Samuil, you old enough to marry. I have for you a nice and pretty girl.' 'Who?' I ask and she say, 'Sara.' I know Sara. She very beautiful. When you see her one time, you want see her again. Her eye grey, very big, and round. Her teeth little and white. She very wise only she no say much. She just look and when

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she smile she make everybody happy. Her father our rabbi. Big man. All like him. Sara his one child and he teach her Hebrew and she talk Hebrew good. I look on mine mother when she tell me about Sara and I say, 'Maybe Sara no want me.' And mine mother smile and say, 'You foolish son. I know something, or I no speak.' She smile and I smile, too, because I happy already.

"We go see our rabbi, who is Sara's father, and her mother and see Sara. And when I see Sara I like her still better. Mine mother widow. I only son, and I no have go soldat. And we make wedding in three month. Mine and Sara's mother make big wedding. Many people come and all eat plenty and drink wine and vodka and dance and make joke and eat and drink more. So twelve o'clock come and go by, and one o'clock come and go by, and we still dance and make fun and drink. And we no stop when somebody say, a big fire going downtown. We make joke on the fire too. 'See, Sara,' I say to mine young wife, 'they make illumination for our wedding!' She laugh and she say nothing and her laugh make me more happy than thousand best words.

"Only we no laugh very long. A very scared man catch me by mine arm and say loud, 'Samuil, your store! Your store in fire!' We all look in each other eye and say nothing. Then we all begin to cry and all run downtown. We come too late. Mine store all gone. Mine neighbors' stores gone too, and fire still big. That more than fifty year back. Nobody have insurance.

"I see many people fight fire. But I do nothing. I just stay like piece of wood and look. I hear our guests very excited and talk all together. I hear mine and Sara's mother cry. But I no can talk. Then I know somebody take me by mine hand and I hear Sara's voice. 'Samuil,' she say, 'your hand very cold and shake much. You no look good. Store nothing. We young and we can make another store. We begin tomorrow; tonight come let's go home and finish our party.' She say that and she laugh and when I see her laugh and her pretty face in the red fire, I laugh too and I say, 'Sure we go home and finish our party.' We take our guests and we go home.

"Next day our friends help us a little and soon we have new store. God help us, too, and our business go fine. Five year go by and we pay our friends and we save little money too. And we have two childs, one boy and one girl. The girl like her mother, her eyes big and grey and she very pretty. She very serious. When you look in her eyes you think she has much questions to ask.

"When I young, I like good time. I laugh much, I make jokes, I play violin. We very happy.

"Our town has big river and every spring river grow still bigger, only she never give us much trouble. Only, one spring something break outside town and in five minutes make our town a sea. Mine store in old building and building no strong. But I and mine wife, who in store that time, we no think of that. We think of our children and mine mother who sick in bed and of our servant girl who no very smart. So we leave quick our store with store boy and we run in water to our home and we come just right time. We find much water in house and two small children in bed with mine mother and mine mother can do nothing. And we no can see servant. I grab my mother. Mine wife take children and we go to Zack's house. His house two stories and from stone and he our good friend. I tell mine wife to stay there with mine mother and children and I run through water back to mine store. But I come too late. Water break mine store and take everything away.

"I go back to mine wife and tell what happen. She sad for a minute then she say, 'Don't worry, Samuil, God help us once and he help us again.' She right. God and our friends help us and we make new store in big stone building. Our business good and three year later we make one more store and three year later still one more. When mine wife and I, we not forty yet, we have three store, we have little money, and we have five childs. Four boys, one girl. Everybody like our children. The boys tall, 'make good soldat,' our friends joke. Our girl tall, too, only not so tall like boys."

He fell silent and, his pose unchanged, stared across the water, while the other continued to gaze at the willows. Then both turned their eyes to a couple of ducks which were swimming slantwise. The greyness of the evening began to gather.

"Could you spare me another cigarette?" the young man asked in low voice.

"Sure," answered the old man. "Take all," he said, offering the package. "I have plenty home."

"Thanks," the other replied simply. He looked intently at the package and asked, "Won't you keep a few for yourself? Till you get home?"

"Maybe I take one," the old man agreed.

He took one and lit it. The other lit one also. The old man resumed his narrative.

"You too young," he said, "you no remember time when Russia and Japan go to war. Russia government no good. People no like it. They do nothing to help government. Russia army lose very much, lose every day. People sorry for army but glad Russia lose. By and by some people start revolutsia. We have revolutsia our town too. Barricadi in street and much fight. Mine son Simon, he student that time, he too with revolutsionary. Cossack catch him. But I lucky and I save his life. I know much big officer and other big people and I save him. So they send him to Siberia. Now the government make quick peace with Japan and start fight own people. They

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break revolutsia and start pogrom. You know what pogrom? Ah?"

The young man nodded his head.

"They kill Jews, break Jewish stores and Jewish houses. They kill mine girl, mine Olia, too. She only twenty-one and she go girl college. They break mine stores, too. Stores! Who care for stores when daughter lie dead on the floor? Same year mine mother and mine wife's mother and father die.

"God He funny. I no can understand. With one hand He beat us down and with other hand He help us. After pogrom He help us again. We fix up our broke stores and we start business and our business soon go better than before. We move best part in town and we have high-class trade. Big ladies come to our store, and mine wife and I we go every year to Francia and Germania and bring home new and best stuff. Mine wife help me in store. Everybody likes her. She very still, she has good brain, and knows everything in clothes. And because she now look sad and her hair grey, she more beautiful than when she young. We rich now.

"But our big house empty! Simon in Siberia, one son in Parizh Universitat, one son Petrograd Universitat. Only one son home, Boris. He goes gymnasia. One month before big war Simon die in Siberia. When war come our son in Parizh go Frantsusky army and soon killed. Other son killed Russia army. Lucky Boris has poor eyes; they no take him away.

"Now we no have heart for business. We no have heart for nothing. I no care see mine friends. I no care see nobody. Sometime I go our park and sit down. Sometime I go in field and sit there. I no care talk even mine wife. She cry day and night and when I talk to her, she cry more.

"Then we have big revolutsia, and then Bolsheviki, and then civil war, and epidemic, and hunger. Much people killed; much more die from hunger and epidemic. Much of our relative and friend die, too. One day mine wife tell me 'Samuil, we have fire, and we have water, we have pogrom, we have war, we have revolutsia, we have Bolsheviki, we have epidemic, we have hunger. What more we going to have?'

"Two months later she die. After we put her in ground, mine son Boris tell me, 'Papa, come let's go America. Maybe America we have more luck than in Russia.' I no want leave mine dead wife and children in Russia and go America but I look on Boris and I think, and then I say 'All right, we go America.'

"We here ten year. Boris go college this country. He work and he study. He chemist. Then he marry. His wife good woman, very good. I like her like mine Olia. Three more month and she will have child. Our neighbor say she foolish have child when her husband no job. But I say 'Why foolish? Good children everything and business and job no mean much.' "

A happy glow spread over his broad face. His lips, just visible under his mustache, moved as though saying a prayer. Then he turned to his neighbor and asked, "What make you no happy? No job, you say?"

The young man averted his face.

"No job?" the old man repeated. "You married?"

The other nodded his head.

"How is she? Good sport?" asked the old man.

The young man smiled at the old man's slang. "Yes, she is a good sport" he replied thoughtfully. "And we have two children," he volunteered.

The old man moved his head, approvingly. The greyness grew heavier throughout the thicket. And the second, the inverted, thicket which looked from the smooth, now green water, became misty.

The old man rose. "Thank you" he said. "I like talk young people. Soon I have mine grandchild, and maybe two or three, and I play with them, I tell them story, and I teach them violin."

And, as if replying to his own thoughts, he went on after a pause. "America not like Russia. Mine grandchilds no have to see so much trouble we see. America all right. People here smart. They no let make much foolishness. Now bad time here, no job, no work, business no good, but half year, maybe year, go by and again plenty job, plenty business. Mine grandchilds lucky they born here. Well, goodbye. Maybe I see you again sometime."

"Goodbye," the young man answered, and he watched the receding prophet-like figure until its outline was lost in the still shadows.

Geometry and a Blue Bird

Listlessly I lean forward towards a grey suit,
A pair of spectacles, a voice droning
Uncertainly of certainties.
Parabolas leap out from the pallid chalk.
Talk of infinities and absolutes and space
Falls like a mist through the dead
Whisper of books. Suddenly
A small blue parabola, hesitating
On the window-sill, eases into rich song . . . .
Blue space, absolute beauty, infinite
Beauty, in a blue parabola,
Scored on a darkened blackboard inwardly,
Is golden clear, is definite, defined.

I rush to find the Pedagogue who limned him . . . .
Too late! Pulling a mountain over His shoulder
He walks from the classroom
To lecture otherwheres.

AUGUSTUS CLARE.

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IOWA CYCLE

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

With the renewal of the farmers' holiday and the defections in the Northwest from the support of the NRA, the country was brought face to face with the fact that much yet remained to be done to restore to a large section of the United States' citizenry a feeling of satisfaction and hope in their land. The Secretary of Agriculture is in a position of tremendous responsibility in this situation. What he is like and what he proposes to do, we believe, is understandingly sketched here by Mr. Wilson.—The Editors.

MY UNCLE GEORGE, who painted county bridges, topped trees, served as postmaster and deputy sheriff, ran a distillery and raised hogs after he had been put on the government's payroll as a totally disabled Union veteran, used to say that any truly honest man has three distinguishing characteristics: he is lantern-jawed; he is either red-headed or close to it; he refrains from chewing tobacco. My Uncle George was lantern-jawed. He had vaguely red hair. And he didn't chew tobacco, preferring to keep his sense of taste for the finer things of life.

About fifteen years ago he went to a livestock raiser's convention at Des Moines, Iowa. There he heard a speech by a man whom he recognized as completely honest—a young man named Henry A. Wallace. The other day while talking to this same Henry Wallace, I pondered upon my Uncle George's mellow discretion. The new Secretary of Agriculture and first dictator of American farming is lantern-jawed, his hair shows a faint suggestion of red, and he doesn't chew tobacco.

While I was waiting to see him, he came out of his office preceded by a tall stately senator dressed in the height of sartorial elegance. Mr. Wallace was smaller, rather youngish, and gazed at the floor studiously. I studied them together, the fashion-plate solon versus the unobtrusive son of Iowa. The Secretary wasn't even wearing a coat. His sleeves were rolled to the elbow and his vest was open. His grey suit was neat but not rigidly pressed. He looked like a country editor with a paper set to go to press in about fifteen minutes. Power and position haven't changed the man's appearance. His weight stays in the neighborhood of 160 pounds. His age is forty-four but he could pass for thirty-five. His rather large hands show a hardening that comes from real work. His wiry hair suggests protest at domination by comb and brush. His eyes are clear, and his smile shows an alignment of healthy, white teeth.

He was pleased and surprised to see me. He said he was pleased, and I knew he would be surprised. Anybody who gets to the Secretary of Agriculture these days, through his assemblage of under-secretaries, gives fair reason for surprise.

We walked into the executive workshop. On the near wall hangs a portrait of Henry C. Wallace, the Secretary's father, who also was editor of *Wallace's Farmer* and Secretary of Agriculture, under Harding. On the far wall is an enormous aluminum medal which says "Henry Wallace, Plowboy Champion"; under that, "We Have to Hand It to You"; and under that, "In Hoc Signo Vinces."

Young Henry Wallace leaned against the window-sill, and gazed out at sleek green acres of lawn and a round bed of bronzed tulips. He spoke of the tardy growing season. He said he was getting blamed tired of mown parks with keep-off-the-grass signs; that he craves to be strolling among real fields. But he said that he finds his present job likable on the whole, that any work with promise of real accomplishment is bound to be interesting.

Congress and the President have made him dictator of farming; generalissimo of 33,000,000 farming Americans; head referee and licenser-to-be of tens of thousands of millers, packers, distributors and other "processors" for our basic farm crops; advisor for a $12,000,000,000 burden of farm debt; official limiter of acreage and adjuster of crop ratios; general of an army of field workers and coordinators whose combined labors must bring practical betterment to agriculture.

I asked him what he regards as the essential point of the administration's drive to rehabilitate agriculture. He answered that he believes intelligent limitation of crop acreage the real base of the whole works. He says that failed export markets and overcrowded home markets tell that there are at least 50,000,000 more acres under cultivation than ought to be. Vast surpluses of every important crop have built up a situation wherein city breadlines grow along with surplus food crops.

Everyone knows that this state of affairs has gone from chronic to acute; that good farmers are losing their land and careful lenders are losing their investments in land; that farm unions have sought strikes in food productions; that there have been milk wars, wheat wars and mortgage wars throughout the Midwest; that Iowa, the Secretary's home state, has become the locale of a miniature farming revolution.

Henry Wallace acknowledges these facts. He says that he is beginning a job that should have been begun at least twelve years ago: that government partnership with the individual in adjusting crop production to available markets is a feat which must be accomplished. He compares the

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farm relief law to the steering gear of an automobile. It is a control mechanism which must steer American agriculture out of the ditch toward which it is now headed. He believes it a device to bring order in place of disorder. He says he has spent the past thirty years trying to effect that substitution in his private affairs; that now he is game to try it out on national affairs.

He believes that readjustment of farm mortgages and interest rates through loans from Federal land banks, along with controlled inflation, will ease the present stress. But he believes that domestic allotment, by means of which the government as partner and referee may reward reduction of acres by guaranteeing the cooperating farmers pre-war prices on the eight basic crops—wheat, cotton, corn, hogs, dairy products, tobacco, rice and sugar—will get still closer to the root of farm ailments.

"This department," he declared, "is working toward justice for the farmers and for all others."

I agreed that those were fitting sentiments well worded. But just at that moment my attention was being distracted by a blotch of white underneath a desk in the far corner of the room. As I looked, the blotch took form. It was a white rabbit with long pinkish ears and very pink eyes. The fur-bearer ambled out and regarded me blearily, one ear up, the other at half-mast. The Secretary dropped shop talk and grinned.

"The rabbit's not exactly part of my personnel," he explained. "He belongs to my youngest boy, and he—that is the rabbit—has been ailing. I'd brought him down to show to a veterinarian; but he seems to be feeling better now, so I'm leaving him under observation. I believe he likes you better than he did the senator. If he didn't he wouldn't have come out. Maybe it's because you don't talk so loud."

The rabbit continued exploring and the Secretary of Agriculture returned to his desk and took up a chart that showed a decade's variation in farm cash flow.

An hour had passed in an unbelievable hurry. I picked up my hat and started for the door. The Secretary wanted to know why I should leave just at noontime. Lacking any ready argument and opposed to debate, by nature, I stayed.

A colored gentleman, with completely golden teeth and the title of Secretary's messenger, brought in a trayful of sandwiches and a pot of coffee, cleared a table and removed the rabbit to a conference room. Three of the Secretary's men joined us. There were ham sandwiches, beef sandwiches and cheese sandwiches, the latter for the special benefit of the Secretary of Agriculture who happens to be a vegetarian. Having lunch in one's office is a big saving in time when lunch, through force of work, must be limited to half an hour.

Henry Wallace recalled the particular qualities of a golden sunset we had watched together down in the Ozarks several years before. Then a mutual visit to the home of a hill-top farmer who had contended that a good life has three essentials—plenty of home-grown tobacco, corn meal mush, and squirrel meat. The Secretary compared that philosophy with the unwholesomely complicated lives led by so many Capitolites and others: "I believe that fellow's on the right road."

Lunch was barely finished when a delegation from a Midwestern milling syndicate came in with uproarious protests against executive action to force the price of wheat to the 1909-1914 level. The protestors brought the usual guise and tone of a corporation lobby. They weren't come for selfish interests. Far, far from it. They were come for the good of the commonwealth, for the cause of law, order and society. They were come with statistics and oily words.

Henry Wallace listened with about as much animation as a hitching post. A fat and rather disagreeable member, with perspiring brow and soft hands, began to gesticulate. He said that domestic allotment sounded sweet on paper, but that when the time comes for enforcing it, God himself couldn't put it to work. That resulted in another significant moment in my acquaintance with Wallace. All in an instant he was standing straight with raised head. He spoke easily, but his eyes flashed.

"I have faith that Divine Providence will provide a means to fit the times."

A little later on, when the delegation was leaving, he said: "Unless we learn to treat one another fairly, unless we give the farmer a chance to live decently, this country is going to smash."

As he spoke, I visualized the pageantry of the corn belt, its millions of farmers who have paid taxes, earned lands, abided laws, taken good share in upbuilding wealth and ideals of this nation, only to find themselves mired in hopeless debts with crop prices infamously low; citizens who are losing homes, hope and loyalty to government.

Henry Agard Wallace came to his Cabinet post with fair prominence in three fields—farm journal editing, statistical analysis of crops and markets, and scientific propagation and cross-breeding of corn. Toward politics the Secretary is cool and distant. He says that he sort of blundered into his present post and that you can call him a Democrat or a Republican, just as you like. He has already been branded as both. He also says that if he fails to make a success as Secretary of Agriculture, he will go back to Iowa and raise corn.

The new Secretary is known as "Young Henry" to differentiate him from his father who, before being an editor and Cabinet member, was an instructor in dairying at Iowa State College. His

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grandfather, "Uncle Henry" Wallace, first editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, was a Presbyterian minister, a member of Theodore Roosevelt's Country Life Commission, and a far-famed sage of the corn belt. Young Henry grew up at the beginning of an age of model farming, at a time when corn was king, when men and land were estimated by bushels to the acre, when yeomen built mammoth barns and forgot to paint their houses. Young Henry accepted a model rôle early. At twelve he was "champion plowboy." At fifteen he was raising model corn plots. In college, timid and recluse and lost in the blarish dawn of rah-rah collegiate spirit, he showed interest in plant genetics and mathematics.

Wallace tradition has been that first sons be succeeding editors of the family paper. In 1910, graduated from Iowa State College with a Bachelor of Science degree, Young Henry returned directly to Des Moines and to the paper, where he took a routine editorial job and continued his experiments at corn propagation and crop statistics. Four years later he married, bought a farm, and extended his attention to offspring.

His private life has shaped itself into a plain saga of middle-class America. He rises early, walks to work, and works late. Never robust, he pays painstaking attention to his health. An own son of the greatest hog-producing state in the Union, he is a fairly consistent vegetarian. He likes, when and wherever possible, to walk over mountains. Every summer he makes a pilgrimage to Pike's Peak and walks to the top of it, timing himself with a stop-watch and seeking to better his previous record. He doesn't play bridge or golf.

He believes that "progressive" science and capitalistic competition can still be fitted into the national picture with due direction. But he contends that free and wide open capitalism as of March, 1933, would have brought about the downfall of our capitalistic system by 1942. He doesn't explain why he names that particular date. Possibly it is because 1942 bears a diginal correlation to 1492, and therefore comes to the tongue handily. Most of his active life has been given to *Wallace's Farmer* and to the practice of its slogan: "Good Farming, Clear Thinking, Right Living."

DAYS IN BEURON

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THIS was a strange image of Saint Michael. Though standing tall and straight against a pillar under drapery of stone portico arches open to the sky, the saint could not really be seen until after nightfall, when the glare came through the doors of the church; and to photograph him (which hundreds wanted to do) was impossible until then. It seemed as if this Michael were still watching in the darkness for those things which issue out of darkness—perhaps for that very devil who, as Goerres said, builds himself a shrine beside every church. Without unduly urging the matter, let me express gratitude for his being there. For in these days when Christendom is really restricted to Christianity, in the spare and elemental sense, our whole future depends upon knowing that which is spawned *in profundis*. Of course there is, as always, the burdensome duty of syncretism—of assimilating and sanctifying new experience in the natural order. Yet the ultimate, the only, danger is that the elect may be deceived.

At any rate, having waved my hand to Michael the Archangel I went off to Beuron. Of the details of this trip, little need be said. It is profoundly to be hoped that all of you may go there too and sleep in the quiet of a place where the hard Rule of St. Benedict is harvester of a peace shared not only by monks and brothers who follow it in canticles and fasts and mercifulness, but showered also upon the thousands upon thousands—the poor in spirit, the simple of heart, the troubled, the persecuted, the anxiously seeking—who come here day in and day out, leaving their sins and their benedictions as tokens in that unseen museum whose custodians are beyond. And so I shall say nothing of the matchless kindness to me personally, of the work I saw being done, or of the experiences I shared. For all that there may be time and occasion later on. The thing that must be said now is the dialogue which at night I heard within myself.[1]

The Stranger: Yes, I must admit that there is something very attractive about your monastery. The two themes of prayer and labor are developed into a marvelous symphony. In spite of the fact that every monk must drop all work so often during the day in order to chant the Office, a surprising amount is really done. You *are* practical. And still—well I, as a modern man, find you just a little odd. It is as if a person who were tired of looking at things in ordinary time and space created for himself another dimension in which everything looked different. What I mean is that you run away from the real jobs. The world is full of illnesses which need healing. You are just so many patients in a sanitarium—so many guests at a spiritual Baden-Baden. There! Have I offended you?

The Archabbot: Not in the least. As a matter of fact, we monks ourselves are worried about such things at first. I think you will grant that a

[1] Needless to say, this dialogue is imaginary.

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monastery is not the right place for weaklings. It demands hardy bodies and strong wills—which means that it calls for men who are active, ambitious even. And so the novice can only very gradually train himself to understand that the life within is the most difficult and important of all. He finally sees that the reason why Satan could tempt Jesus was because Jesus was able to do the things suggested. And so he finds his way into the *real* world, just as an explorer picks his path to the gold mine in the jungle—

The Stranger: Your Grace, I can't help saying that I am a trifle bored with that definition of reality. Take for example a poor woman with three children whom she must try to support by working in a lace factory under modern conditions. Her world is the only real one I know—the world of burdens impossible to bear, of trials beyond mention, of injustices crying to Heaven for vengeance. What does *your* reality have to do with *hers*?

The Archabbot: My dear friend! Will you permit me to ask in turn what it is you would do for this poor woman?

The Stranger: I am a Socialist—not of course a silly fanatic who believes in doing away with God and who has many radical ideas, but one convinced that society must be organized to relieve intolerable distress, and that until it had been so organized, nothing else matters. We must fight with every ounce of strength to remove the obstacles which as yet prevent the triumph of justice, among them greed and short-sightedness—

The Archabbot: Exactly! I think I may say without pride that we here are foes of greed and short-sightedness. But has it ever occurred to you to ask why people are miserly and foolish? Because society makes them so? The moment you put the blame for everything on "society," you look forward automatically to organizing mankind as if it were a heap of papers on a desk or an accumulation of data to be gathered into a book. Human beings can be organized only when they are willing to do some work collectively. You can try to propagandize them into being willing, but it is the nature of propaganda to raise desires it cannot satisfy. Likewise I agree that you might force the citizens of a state to accept an industrial discipline likely to create a measure of social equality. Yet unless those in control themselves accepted the discipline it would soon be a halter around the throat of justice. Am I right?

The Stranger: Yes. The only possible hope lies in making a socialistic state as self-evident and acceptable as a street-car system. We need a rule much like yours.

The Archabbot: Pardon me. You suppose that because we Benedictines have a rule it is analogous to some Socialist discipline. I must reply that the whole gulf which lies between the Christian conception of man and the Socialist ideal is revealed in that comparison. For example: we impose upon ourselves the rule of poverty, in order that freedom from worry about money may allow us to open the door to the inner life. You deny that the inner life has value—deny it not only in words, as you did when you said we were patients in a spiritual sanitarium, but deny it in deed also by robbing the individual of the power to choose. In short, the Benedictine rule—or the Christian rule, for that matter—is a method of liberating the individual, while the Socialist rule is a method of destroying the individual. And I hold that the individual can be liberated, but that he cannot be destroyed.

The Stranger: But in spite of all your rule, there is the poor woman and her three children.

The Archabbot: My dear friend, let us be quite serious for a moment. Has it ever occurred to you that the time which is marked by the appearance of the industrial poor—that is, of the worker unable to earn a decent livelihood—is also the time when monasteries of every sort are suppressed and scoffed at? Here in our part of Germany, for instance, what is termed "capitalism" by critics did not even begin to be until after Napoleon had closed the doors of a hundred great institutions; and even today you can see that in the neighborhood of monasteries suppressed long ago it is impossible for your kind of poverty to get a foothold. The reason is simple. Where the inner life is sought, no matter how imperfectly, it is normal for men to remember that greed is a sin and that no short-sightedness is so fatal as that which fails to reckon with death. Nor do we overlook fairly practical matters, as I think you have already conceded. Like the more sensible animals we lay in a winter supply—

The Stranger: Oh I know! But how shall I make you understand? You drained swamps and made wildernesses bloom in days when that meant something. Today huge populations—most of them too worldly and degenerate even to know what "inner life" means—are dependent upon a totally different kind of industrial process. If you came and applied your rule to a huge factory city, I should watch the experiment with interest. The truth is, your ideal couldn't stand the strain. It needs landscapes as beautiful as this romantic Danube valley!

The Archabbot: Which wasn't always so beautiful. But there is some truth in what you say. We Benedictines are not the whole Church. To others it is given to work in cities, and for their work we pray with what I hope is genuine humility. Yet is it not an essential part of every remedy for city life that there should be escape from it into the country? For too many this escape is only to "nature"; and they return more dissatisfied and restless than when they came. For

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those who come to us, nature is the shrine of prayer. If you could know—

The Stranger: Yes, I agree with you there. *Your* peace is not pacifism.

The Archabbot: No monk here ceases to give battle—the peace is God's alone. Have you read the little verse of one of our best poets in the Benedictine spirit, Max Fischer?

> Who sees the goal to which my journey goes
> Endlessly on and on?
> Anew, again another hill-top glows
> Between me and the peak unwon.
>
> Unloose, ye shackles in mine own heart's blood,
> Awake, my purest dream!
> He who as conqueror over self has stood
> Can space a captive deem.

You see that he never reaches the goal—that his conquest of self is never sufficient really to enslave the world that is space. And yet we are the instruments through which the tranquillity of God does sometimes reveal itself to man!

The Stranger: Everything would be so simple if the world believed.

The Archabbot: No, all would then be complex. The trouble with our age is its simplicity.

The Stranger: You mean?

The Archabbot: How shall I express what I mean? Perhaps by means of a parable, and I have never been good at parables. A man goes out to buy a ring which will please his wife. He goes to a dozen jewelry shops, and the more he looks the more puzzled he becomes. There are big rings, little rings, gold rings, silver rings. And yet the task is essentially simple—to find one ring with which his wife will be satisfied. That is our age. It is an endless process of finding things which will meet wants in themselves very simple. But suppose that the man wished to make his wife say spontaneously, happily, "I love you!" That is complicated—there is no recipe, no clue. She will tell him that only because he is what he is, a matter he can do nothing about, which he cannot explain. Such would be the world if it belonged to Christ. It would say to Him, "I love you!" It would be happy beyond dreams in doing so, and yet it would not comprehend. There would be no unraveling the manifold mysteries of that outcry. Mankind would perish in a labyrinth of joys.

The Stranger: I think I see what you mean. . . .

The Archabbot: When you go back to the poor woman, say to her, "I love you—I love you in order that I may—"

The Stranger: She would never understand.

The Archabbot: When you teach her to understand, there will be mercy everywhere on earth.

The Stranger: I think I see what you mean. And what Beuron means. But I shall never be able to teach her, and she will never know.

NOTES FROM WARSAW

By CLARENCE BARRIE

WE WERE feeling curious and we were feeling sleepy. My traveling companions, two Polish-Americans of husky peasant stock, had spent most of the night talking, conjecturing, undecided between contradictory viewpoints: whether Poland was really the land of dreams the immigrating generation had always told them about, or whether nothing in the "old country" could possibly equal New York. On the whole they inclined to the latter view, and hence were being jostled, for twenty-four hours now, from surprise to surprise.

For that matter, I was surprised myself. I had not revisited Poland since July of 1920, and this was July, 1933. I still carried with me the impression of panic, of chaos, of dirt and poverty and stark human despair. I remembered unpaved streets, where the few bedraggled carriages jolted one unmercifully. I remembered houses with huge sheets of plaster torn off, a city left half wrecked by alternate German and Russian occupations, and about to be wrecked again by war with the Bolsheviks, then rapidly advancing. I remembered the deathly weary contingents of soldiers going to the front, uniforms torn, some of them barefoot.

No signs of that now. Warsaw, like all of Poland, seemed to have experienced rebirth. This was no mere rebuilding, along old lines, of an existence seriously disturbed by world events. This seemed creating anew, starting from scratch, of a new world, a new life, a new character even.

It was principally this new character, I think, which was the source of most of the surprises of the last twenty-four hours. That, and that alone, was responsible for the new port of Gdynia, where we had landed. How else is one to understand the success of this enormous undertaking—the building in less than eight years of what is unanimously considered the most modern port on the Baltic—right in the heart of the once incompetent Slav Poland? From the moment our ship had sailed into the harbor I had, in a way, begun to distrust my senses. I had come, duly warned, ready to "understand" and condone good-naturedly the incompetencies and procrastinations one was likely to run into anywhere east of the Oder. But here was efficiency. Here was order. From the harbor officials and customs officers down to the taxi driver everyone was courteously businesslike. The railroad station had been a miracle of organization and to-the-second accuracy. The train—a third-class sleeper—as scrupulously clean and comfortable as a pullman. What had become of the old lovably incompetent country? Where was what the Germans had once delighted to refer to as *Pollnische wirtshaft?*

"Gone," said Warsaw, a little sleepily, at six o'clock on a July morning.

"Good riddance," I answered mentally. "And what is there in its stead?"

And Warsaw, which after all remains a Slav city, laughed good-humoredly. "You will find out," it seemed to answer.

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I had found out a great deal by noon. There had been, first of all, the long taxi ride to our quarters at the other end of the city, and I saw that, in some ways, the clean and repainted city hadn't changed after all. Here were the long low peasant carts clattering along to market, bringing in the city's milk and eggs and butter. Here were servant girls in their knitted shawls out for the morning's supplies, each flirting with her own particular concierge, and each, with incongruous dignity, having her hand gravely kissed at parting. After which the concierge would slowly, leisurely and to the rhythm of a song begin the sweeping of his piece of sidewalk.

I said, rather naively, it seemed: "Is all of Warsaw always so clean?"

And my friends who had met me despite the early hour replied with equal astonishment, "Isn't New York?" making me feel a little guilty. For I had to admit that I had seen my city, both in the wee hours and at midday, much more in need of a good sweeping. Later on I noticed how scrupulously people made use of paper receptacles in the streets and in the parks, how few of them ever threw paper on the pavements. This was a curious angle of civic responsibility which was new.

We came to a part of town which I certainly did not remember. Parts of it were still empty and half finished. Parts of it were blocks and blocks of small one-family houses, in a way not unlike the suburbs of Philadelphia. "This," I was told, "is where you're going to live. This is the new Colony Staszyca, one of the prides of the city."

Here and there stood out the bulk of a modern apartment house, architecturally massive and severe. Those, I was told, were mostly cooperative houses. They were owned and operated jointly by professional or business people, or by groups of government employees, and the cost of living in them was phenomenally low. The small houses, on the other hand, were privately owned, but due to government building loans and special grants had grown up on an equally modest basis. Here was a street inhabited by lawyers, and that was the doctor's block, and judges lived around the corner. It seemed a little strange at first.

"It is merely a way to simplify things for ourselves," my friends explained. "It isn't a matter of what you Americans call the get-together spirit. But our interests are similar and hence certain business arrangements are easily arrived at for the whole community. For the rest, we needn't know our neighbors."

I could well believe it. Each house, a unit in itself, offered absolute privacy. There was nothing of that discouraging similarity and mass effect which we have learned to associate with community building. While architecturally in harmony, each little house had a character of its own. And each, in spite of the fact that Warsaw is situated almost entirely on the sandy soil of the Vistula, had quite a sizable garden, a tall vine-covered hedge dividing and sheltering it from neighbors.

I thought, "I could really live here," which in my mind happens to be a compliment. And then, "I'm glad this is far from town. I can take a buggy every time I go in." For the buggy, later that day and all through the two months I spent in Warsaw, was one of my never-failing sources of delight. It is called *doroshka* and is not unlike the old fashioned cabs one sees in front of the Plaza, at the entrance to Central Park. The driver is always in a semi-comotose state, asleep or awake at a moment's notice, a relic of Poland's leisurely, pre-war era. The horse is a gentle animal who has learned that the part of wisdom is never to argue with a taxi, but give it the right of way. And this mode of thought evidently has now extended to the pedestrian, for I have seen people crossing streets and unceremoniously stopping, with a hand on its muzzle, any horse which happens to come along. It is never good to take a *doroshka* when one is in a hurry. Neither driver nor horse would understand. If you want to see the city, the thing to do is to take buggies—they aren't much of a strain on the budget.

I was told, "Your first buggy ride must be to the Old Town—no, to the new Cif (Physical Culture Institute) —no, along the riverfront."

I answered, "My first buggy ride is going to be to a good breakfast. I seem to have heard something about good Polish hospitality and good Polish food."

I got what I asked for. And later, refreshed and bathed and delighted with the cool freshness of this July morning, I went out by myself with plenty of change and a map of the city, to see the new Cif, the Old City now beautifully restored, the river, the huge, unlandscaped parks, and most of all the streets where I might learn the character of the people. More than ever, I was curious to find out about the new Poland.

Saint Christopher

Saint Christopher, Saint Christopher, although the hour is late,
And you must be full weary with the flight of the long day,
I've a midnight wish for you. Come sit before the grate
And listen to my heart-word for my dear upon her way:

She has golden gifts to offer, and there's poetry in her soul—
Her brush upon the canvas tells of mountain and of sea,
And she's going in her loneliness where waters rise and roll,
With creamy wave she's flying like a wild bird far from me.

Saint Christopher, Saint Christopher, it may be small to you
The thing I ask: To keep her safe within your tender care;
But who to see her could resist to see the journey through?
Bring her smiling home again with laurels in her hair.

COLETTA RYAN.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Let 'Em Eat Cake

THE CRITICAL reaction to "Let 'Em Eat Cake," the sequel to that hilarious "Of Thee I Sing," has been curious, to say the least. One might expect unfavorable comparisons with the earlier work, if for no other reason than that sequels are traditionally less popular than their originals. As a matter of clear fact, this second effort of Kaufman, Ryskind and the Gershwins is not as good as the first. There can be no blinking that fact. But what has surprised me most has been the general attack on the alleged "bitterness" of the present satire. Much has been made of the fact that a guillotine appears in the last act, as if that were a highly dangerous exhibit in these disturbed times. It seems to me vastly more important that the sinister little toy is never used, and that the whole musical comedy populace, on bloody venture bent, can be turned in an instant to a passionate interest in a fashion show. If there is any inference whatever to be drawn from the guillotine scene, it is simply that the American temper, or whatever you call it, is as foreign to the entire implication of the guillotine as Alexander Throttlebottom, himself, is foreign to the implications of our revered Constitution.

No—I stand ready to defend "Let 'Em Eat Cake" from the charge of either bitterness or sinister overtone. It is savage, if you like, in the manner of most of the effective satires of history. It is relentless in its exposure of sham and mediocrity and inconsistency and stupid sentimentality. But its one revolutionary leader is the subject of the most effective satire of all—the man who works to put in a new government and then, once it is in, works with equal and instant zeal to put it out. His chief puzzle is how he is going to put himself out of office if he once seizes personal control! If that is bitterness, then "The Mikado" is a bitter Gilbertian diatribe against the Lord High Executioner of England and, for all I know, against the Tower of London.

In "Of Thee I Sing," the authors led us through the political campaign of John P. Wintergreen for the presidency on a slogan of "love." "Let 'Em Eat Cake" takes up the adventures of Wintergreen and his vice-presidential incubus, Throttlebottom, as the next election comes around. Everything has gone to pot and the country is ripe for one of its famous landslide turnovers. The opposition candidate, who is, appropriately enough, John P. Tweedledee, wins the election, and the Wintergreen adherents find themselves jobs as policemen, sandwich men and the like. The ex-secretary of agriculture goes back into the shirt business, backed by the pathetic Throttlebottom, who, as thanks for his capital, is detailed to walk the streets between sandwich boards advertising blue shirts. Then comes the idea of starting a revolution of the "Blue Shirts." Sales jump to enormous figures, the army is enticed with the promise of receiving the entire war debt payments, Tweedledee is ousted from office and Wintergreen once more rules in the "Blue" House as dictator.

Dictatorship goes well enough until the army learns that, with the exception of Italy, none of the League of Nations powers has the slightest idea of paying war debts. As a last desperate measure, Wintergreen, who has thrown the Supreme Court into chains, frees the good justices on condition that they play a baseball game with the League of Nations, with war debts as the stake. Unhappily, Throttlebottom umpires the game, gives the decision to the League of Nations, and is tried by the army tribunal, headed by the revolutionary Kruger. It is after this that the famous guillotine scene takes place. Alexander Throttlebottom, bless his pathetic soul, innocently helps the executioners to make a recalcitrant guillotine work and is about to be successfully beheaded when Mrs. Wintergreen conceives the idea of a fashion parade to distract the populace. After months of the monotony of blue shirts, the sight of chic and varied clothes sends the mob into a delirium of joy. Tweedledee resigns the presidency to take a job as president of Cuba, and, to his amazed delight, Throttlebottom at last finds himself, by right of succession, the President. Thus "bitterness" (if you can find any) is turned to sweetness, and the country, we suppose, is headed back to normalcy.

The real trouble with this sequel is that it directs its satire away from familiar facts to a Graustarkian myth of the future. Everything in "Of Thee I Sing" smacked of familiar fact. The new play is all a game of "let's suppose," and thereby loses the tang of cartooned reality. Moreover, the music is not always Gershwin at his best. But Victor Moore is still there as Throttlebottom—and could anyone ask more of an evening's entertainment? (At the Imperial Theatre.)

Eight Bells

IF "EIGHT BELLS," a sea melodrama by Percy G. Mandley, which has had considerable success in London, passes from the American stage almost as rapidly as these words get into print, it will be chiefly the fault of Frank Gregory who has directed the play so inexpertly that, at a critical moment of the last act, the entire chain of events breaks. There is no audible explanation of why the British officers are able to break the mutiny which has furnished all the meat of the melodrama. A dying German steward gasps out a few explanatory phrases in a voice which no one can hear, and after that inaudible gap, there is no self-evident explanation for the climax. You leave the theatre asking, "Just what did happen?" And that is fatal to any melodrama.

The idea of the play is good—a mutiny by the German sailors on a British sailing ship at the opening of the war. The Germans want to land themselves safely at a neutral port instead of being taken back to England, and the hard-drinking English captain, who has his wife on board, refuses point blank. In the ensuing mutiny, the leading mutineer, who behaves with great dignity, is killed. Then anarchy breaks loose and the captain's wife is in peril until, no one knows just how, the tide is turned in the midst of an oncoming storm. This is all good straight melodrama—except for the absurd missing link. (At the Hudson Theatre.)

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COMMUNICATIONS

SHOULD RUSSIA BE RECOGNIZED?

Portland, Me.

TO the Editor: If Professor Leonid Strakhovsky's recent article presents "a strongly argued case against the recognition of Russia," as the advance notice of it, appearing in THE COMMONWEAL, September 29, would have us believe, then there must indeed be small potentialities in any case against recognition. For there can be no doubt, that the general sense of what was therein written was such as could convince only those who, either in contempt of their critical faculties, or absence of same, leaned heavily upon the authority of the professor, or who brought to their consideration of the matter no less prejudice than the professor himself did. Why? For me there is ample proof in the following.

Now, since it is the right thing to do from more than one worthy point of view, to challenge not the absurdest but the most credible form of wrong opinion, let us consider first what Mr. Strakhovsky has to say about the international character of the Soviet government. There is some worth in his remarks here, even if it is only for the resemblance they bear to the logical necessities involved.

"When the advocates of recognition in this country," he says, "defend their point of view on the basis of historical precedent and the common though erroneous interpretation of the state department's policy, to extend diplomatic recognition to de facto governments, they contradict themselves because there has never as yet existed a government which claimed control beyond the geographical frontiers of the state under its immediate jurisdiction. Briefly, the world has had always to deal with national and not international governments." All of which means nothing, unless it means that it is Mr. Strakhovsky's opinion, that because Russia is different from any government we have hitherto recognized, under an application of the de facto policy, our recognition of her must necessarily be an act of infidelity to that policy. Now, to show the weakness of such reasoning one has only to point out the palpable truth, that there are no two states in this political world of ours which are devoid of difference. Not only does Russia differ from any state we have ever recognized, but the same was true of China, Japan, Panama, etc., before we recognized each of them. Hence it is not enough for Mr. Strakhovsky to prove Russia different from any country with which we have entered into diplomatic relations, he must also prove that the difference is such as to be really invalidating—he must prove that such a move would contradict the principles underlying the use of the *de facto* policy itself. In other words, he must not only demonstrate that Russia is what he alleges she is, but that it would be impossible for us to initiate official relations with a government of this type, if it did exist, without doing violence to our traditional recognition policy. Let us examine, therefore, into what he has done in these two directions.

But first of all, we must determine what it is that he charges Russian with being. And a glance at his article makes it safe for us to assume that in his opinion Russia is an "international government." But what does he mean by the phrase, "international government"? Does he means an international government in actuality? In intention? Fully, in both? Partly, in both? That it is of the utmost importance, if we would avoid ambiguity, to ascertain and limit the meaning of this phrase, can be readily seen from the fact, were Russia really a world state, we would, by that very fact, be unable to recognize her—recognition being a gesture whch supposes the existence of at least two sovereign states. On the other hand, were Russia a world state only in intention, the same could have no meaning for us in so far as we are the state, since the State, from its very nature, can take no account of intentions unless accompanied by actions. Thus I can never become an enemy of the State, and subject to its retributive justice, by simply intending things against it; I must translate, or attempt to translate, my intention into action. To be sure, account is taken, after the action of my intention; but even then the State can infer no intention unless harmonious with the action. Things being so, I think we can safely assume as proven that: (1) were Russia really a world state, recognition would be impossible upon the grounds of our own non-existence; (2) were Russia a world state only and purely in intention, this fact could have in itself no material effect upon recognition. And the question still persists, what is it that Mr. Strakhovsky charges Russia with being?

If we are to take his charge from his general attitude, it must have to be the former; for by labeling Russia an "international government" he, to all appearances, assumes that this would preclude recognition—a preclusion which, as we have already shown, is possible only if Russia is really an international state. But, if on the other hand, we are to take his charge from his verbal proofs, it must be the latter, with perhaps a small admixture of the former.

"The international character of the Soviet government," he says, "has never been seriously denied by the Communist leaders themselves." (As if what is not denied is necessarily proven!) "Its manifestations," he continues, "have been witnessed in all parts of the globe in the form of Communist propaganda. . . . " And with this we at least have something tangible to go on! Russia is a world state only in so far as its propagandist activities make it that, and no more. Accordingly (leaving aside for the present the question as to whether or not the Russian government can be held responsible for the activities of propagandists, which after all, is debatable), the question we have to decide is not whether Russia being a pure world state in actuality, but whether Russia being guilty of actions intentionally subversive of our government, can be a fit subject of recognition by that government. And for my part, I cannot see why, in the light of recognition principles, these activities should destroy Russia's claim to recognition, unless they have the positive effect of seriously interfering with our sovereign rights as a nation—which effect, in my opinion, they do not have. And I say "seriously interfering," at this point, with great emphasis; for a glance at history will suffice to show that the degree

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of infringement of rights is of great importance. Thus in 1877 we denied recognition to Mexico upon the revolutionary accession of Porfirio Diaz to the presidency of that country because of "occurrences on the Rio Grande border," but during the next year, and after there had been a diminution of these occurrences—through the efforts of our own troops—we forthwith resumed diplomatic relations. In other words, we recognized a Mexico which at that time was interfering with our sovereign rights as a nation—a Mexico whose citizens or subjects had attacked and were attacking our border settlements—citizens or subjects for whose conduct in this sphere the Mexican government was by international law responsible. Is there any reason why we could not do the same for Russia? And with this, I now take up Mr. Strakhovsky's next argument.

The capitalist world in its trade with the Communists, he says, "only strengthens the latter's position and necessarily weakens its own." Why this is so, he gives no reason, apparently considerng it a self-evident proposition. Well, it is not a self-evident proposition; far from it, it is a paralogism. It wrongly assumes that there must be a one-sided benefit conferred by dealings with the Bolsheviks, and that this benefit must accrue to them. For my part I have always considered that commercial relations between peoples were instituted for the mutual advantage of the parties concerned; that lacking this element of reciprocal use commercial relations simply would not be. Consequently, under ordinary circumstances, if trade with Russia must strengthen that government, no less must it strengthen our own. Nor is it my contention, that actual trade with Russia does not have the effect of strengthening that government and weakening ours; what I object to is the "necessarily" part of the allegation; as far as I can see, such a result would only be as necessary as the stupidity of our business men dealing with Russia. And if you ask me, I think these boys have the ability to do well for themselves and indirectly for their country. So much for that.

JAMES H. BURKE.

Wheaton, Ill.

TO the Editor: Particularly in view of Professor Strakhovsky's apparent pity for his opponents on the question of recognition of Soviet Russia, his article of October 6 calls for a word of reply. In his opening sentences he lets us understand—at least he gave me the impression—that the arguments to ensue would crush us utterly. But, having finished the paper, instead of being crushed, I am somewhat confused—wondering just which of the writer's arguments was, in his mind, so devastating as to have warranted his introductory statement that the appeals of advocates of recognition "are so inconsistent not only with the realities but even with their own views on other subjects that one wonders whether these advocates know what they are talking about."

Presumably Professor Strakhovsky's most highly prized thrust is that against what he calls the international character of the Soviet régime, including the goal of world revolution. He tells us: "When the advocates of recognition in this country . . . defend their point of view on the basis of historical precedent and the common though erroneous interpretation of the state department's policy, to extend diplomatic recognition to *de facto* governments, they contradict themselves because there has never as yet existed a government which claimed control beyond the geographical frontiers of the state under its immediate jurisdiction."

Now that is a very broad statement. One wonders how Professor Strakhovsky will support it in the light of Napoleon's military achievements in carrying his revolution to foreign lands; in the light of territorial disputes ancient and modern between states; in view of the conquests of Caesar, the past record of the United States in the Carribean, the record of Japan with China and Manchuria, the recent efforts of Nazi Germany against the sovereignty of Austria.

Like Professor Strakhovsky, I decry the Soviet goal of world revolution. Like him, I hope that it never succeeds. But is it really such a new kind of goal? Have not nations from time immemorial tried to force their systems upon other nations? Think of the White Man's Burden!

Again, the writer suggests that the economic depression "is caused in great part by the existence of the Soviet régime in Russia." Russia, he says, is "out of the economic system of the rest of the world"; hence "no wonder then that the capitalist world is suffering from economic depression." Thus Professor Strakhovsky states a novel and startling case. But, although his statement of it is slightly longer than the summary I have given, it is only a statement, not at all a proof. And it has not caused me, for one, to change from my earlier view that the major causes of the depression were the social injustices of *laissez-faire* capitalism, together with the chaos sown by the war.

Meanwhile, the Soviet government exists. It has existed so long that withholding recognition on the ground that it is not a stable government is hardly tenable. Official recognition will facilitate many activities which can be to the advantage both of America and Russia. It will not mean that we favor Russia's system, economic or political, over our own. Only a handful of Americans would welcome that alien system. Under recognition we can remain thoroughly consistent with our own ideals; but non-recognition involves very great difficulties in this matter of consistency. For if, because we dislike Communism, we fail to recognize Russia, does not our recognition of Hitler's Germany carry an implication that we favor Nazism? Or at least that we don't dislike it?

There is danger in trying to fasten upon one system all the guilt of the world. Professor Strakhovsky dislikes Communism and so do I. But he seems to love free and unrestrained capitalism; he holds that Europe, in the main, unlike America, has "never enjoyed the unquestionable benefits of this system in its unmodified form." Further, he contends that the ultimate struggle between capitalism and Socialism "is narrowed to one between America and Russia." Are those truly the only alternatives—a fight to the finish between *laissez-faire* and complete collectivism under a class dictatorship? There are great world leaders today who think not—including the Pope at Rome and the President at Washington.

FRANK A. SMOTHERS.

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Coeur d'Alene, Ida.

TO the Editor: There is reason to think that pressure will soon be brought to bear upon President Roosevelt to give official recognition to Russia.

Recognition of Russia by the United States would immediately boost the stock of Communism 100 percent throughout the world. As we are the leading nation of the world, nothing would do more to bolster up Bolshevism than our recognition of Russia. If we recognize Russia, we more or less approve of her. We can't have diplomatic relations with a nation that we disapprove of entirely. But are we going to approve of a nation that wraps tyrants' chains about the limbs of 160,000,000 people, a nation so intolerant that it condemns and punishes any man but a workingman or a workingman type, a nation that denies and defies God, and scoffs at fundamental moral principles, a nation that cherishes and cultivates but one ideal, the purely utilitarian and materialistic ideal of food and clothing, or at most the ideals of science and esthetics? The United States cannot recognize such ideals. Our only reason for recognizing Russia would be to trade with that country. But we cannot serve God and mammon. We cannot spend our money on which appear the words, "In God We Trust," on a nation that puts absolutely no trust in God. A nation that recognizes Russia will live to repent it in sackcloth and ashes, if not in blood and tears.

Nations must be treated as individuals are treated. When a man is guilty of bad conduct, we put him in Coventry, in other words, we ignore him until he returns to his right mind, and amends his ways. Nations must be treated likewise when they offend against the laws of God and man.

CHARLES HOOPER.

JOHN MULLANPHY

Webster Groves, Mo.

TO the Editor: September 29 was the one hundredth anniversary of the death of John Mullanphy, great Catholic philanthropist, who died in 1833 at the age of sixty-four.

Born in Ireland in 1758, at the age of twenty he joined the Irish Brigade in France. At the time of the French Revolution, he migrated to Philadelphia with his wife, and in 1804 he went to St. Louis where he settled. The fact that he was the first to send a huge shipment of cotton to Liverpool after the battle of New Orleans in 1814, made him a wealthy man.

Like Andrew Carnegie, as soon as he made his fortune, he began doing good with it. He established the first hospital in St. Louis, afterwards named in his honor; he brought the Sacred Heart Order there to educate young girls; he provided free treatment for poor victims during the cholera epidemic of 1832, and contributed to countless other charities. At his death the press could say: "The orphan and afflicted have lost a most liberal benefactor, and literature a firm supporter."

CYRIL CLEMENS.

BOOKS

A Prophet Attains Honor

John Henry Newman, by J. Elliot Ross. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2.75.

FATHER ROSS has given us an absorbing book. Years ago we thought we had read everything that could possibly be said about Newman; now along comes this stimulating volume giving new insights, fresh views and unusual silhouettes that throw famous men and events into perspectives hitherto unsuspected.

This new work on Newman is not a collection of correspondence, nor a laborious comparison of interpretations in previous biographies, nor an essay to display the author's knowledge of rhetoric. With consummate skill Father Ross gives us the tragic story of a towering genius who throughout his entire Catholic life was thwarted, suffocated and hindered by lesser minds in high places. Newman saw his motives suspected and his orthodoxy impugned by those who through jealousy, procrastination, or lack of understanding deprived the Church Catholic of the unique ability of that mighty intellect that was "sharp enough to cut a diamond, and bright as the diamond it cut."

His whole Catholic career was one long litany of frustrated hopes: the Oxford Movement; the Catholic University of Ireland; the English translation of Holy Scripture; the *Rambler;* the Catholic center at Oxford. All of these major undertakings, which sprang from the innate force and vigor of the teeming brain of the gentle Oratorian, were begun with buoyant bounding hopes. But they were brutally assassinated by those who should have been enthusiastic leaders in things of the mind.

Over Newman's lonely grave might well be written "The Triumph of Failure." His vision has been vindicated by the striking success of every enterprise he started, while the names of most of his opponents are buried in oblivion. The Anglo-Catholic Movement is stronger than ever; in the Irish Free State the National University is practically Catholic; the Westminster Version of the New Testament is proceeding steadily; the *Dublin Review* is carrying on the work designed for the *Rambler;* and today Oxford is more of a Catholic center than Newman ever dreamed. The great English cardinal lives on, not merely in the forty odd volumes he wrote in such flawless English, but in certain great movements he initiated and which endure after nearly a century.

Newman suffered keenly from the reactionary criticisms of those ecclesiastics who had not a spark of his far-seeing intellect. This is usually the history of great pioneering minds who do their best work if let alone. There are many potential Newmans in America who are cribbed, cabined and confined by carping critics. In this twentieth century should any Catholic make a contribution as new and as important to contemporary religious thought as did Newman in his celebrated essay on development, he would be subjected to the same fierce hostility as was the saintly Newman.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY.

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An American Epic

A True Relation of the Hidalgo of Elvas, 1557: Volume I, Facsimile, Volume II, Translation and Annotations, by James Alexander Robertson. Deland: The Florida State Historical Society. $75.00.

THOUGH less than a fourth of the 360 copy issue of these golden books is available to the public, the members of the issuing society having preempted the remainder, the charge will startle the uninitiate; but an even cursory examination of their artistic form and invaluable historic content will assure the booklover that they are cheap at the price. It will also gratify his patriotism that America has been able to give the world such a masterpiece of erudition and typography.

The marvelous four-year marchings of Hernando De Soto and his stanch six hundred, to and fro through the pathless southlands from the Florida-Carolinas to central Texas, against fierce outnumbering natives and the more retarding forces of nature's dearth and dangers, is one of the great romances or tragedies of history. The heroic story was recounted by three of the participants, and that which first reached the public and happened to be the most complete as well as critical, still remains the primary source and in many respects the most adequate account of the great adventure. This is the "Verdadeira Relaçam" in Portuguese by the "Gentlemen of Elvas": "The True Relation of the Hardships Suffered by Governor Fernando de Soto and Certain Portuguese Gentlemen during the Discovery of the Province of Florida." First published in 1557, it was read and used so avidly that only three original copies survive; and though numerous translations were issued in many languages, there have been no English renderings that proved adequate. This lack is now so admirably supplied that it is difficult to qualify the magnificence of the production.

The Florida State Historical Society Publications, of which John B. Stetson, jr., of Philadelphia, is chairman and Dr. James A. Robertson of Washington is editor, have for some years with expert scholarship and unnoised persistence been restoring and reconstructing, at their personal expense, the early history of our southeastern territories, and thereby vindicating largely the character and purpose of the Catholic founders of our civilization.

Their sixteen published volumes include "Pedro Menendez de Avilés," in which Mrs. Jeannette Thurber Connor of New York presented in proper heroic size the much maligned founder of our first city, and her two-volume "Colonial Records of Spanish Florida," embodying but a fraction of over one hundred thousand transcripts of Spanish-American manuscripts in Spanish archives. These threw such revealing light on the forgotten religious conquest of the Atlantic and Gulf Coast aborigines, that she was preparing at her lamented death the story of the forty-four Franciscan missions of Florida and Georgia that ministered during the seventeenth century to 30,000 settled Christian natives.

The two volumes of "The Luna Papers" and several other portly tomes bearing on Spanish-American policies and practices are preeminently of Catholic interest, as

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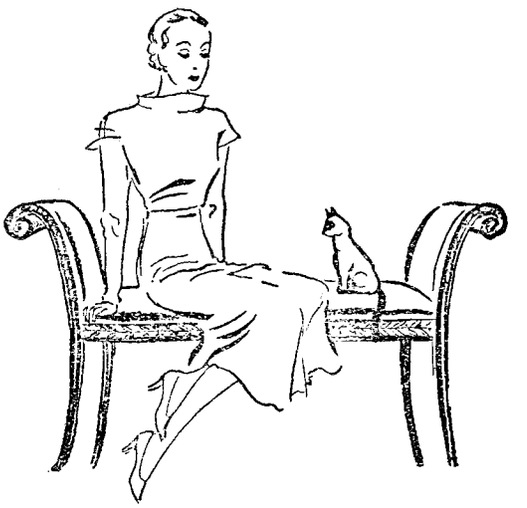

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NEXT WEEK

THE NEW DEAL AND THE BANKS, by Oliver McKee, jr., recalls that prior to March of this year the collapse of the banking system in the United States had been of steadily progressive catastrophic proportions. "Reform of the banking system," writes Mr. McKee, "has been a major objective of the Roosevelt administration," and he analyzes the extent and the prospects of this drive by the government. Mr. McKee writes comprehensively and factually and his article will be of major assistance to anyone seeking to understand the continuing trend of fiscal reform that has been proceeding from day to day. . . . WHAT IS THE PLAIN CHANT? by Vincent C. Donovan, is one of the clearest descriptions of plain chant that THE COMMONWEAL has ever had. This question is in the air because of the movement today to restore the full beauty of the Catholic liturgy which perhaps because of rubbing elbows so much with indifferentism and the more barren forms of habitual protest has in places lost some of its traditional glory. The chant has been called by Pius XI "the language of the liturgy." . . . ABBE HENRI BREMOND, by Ernest Dimnet, who for ten years divided an apartment in Paris with the famous Academician-priest, here gives us a brief but vivid portrait of a great man, a really noble man. Every reader will be pleased by this fine literary sketch. . . . THE CENTURIES OF THE JUST PRICE, by Paul E. Anderson, is a fascinating narrative of how a simple change in the money system enabled the peoples of Europe suddenly, without the use of machinery and without tremendous capital resources, to construct the great cathedrals, dot the hillsides with castles, build roads and canals and fill the rivers with an enormous traffic, and to lay the foundations of hundreds of the cities of present-day Europe.

are more than half of the twenty additional works on the Floridas that are now in preparation. Scholarship, scientific research, proportionate presentation of truth, and exquisite literary finish characterize their content; which is enhanced by an artistic selection of format and binding and typography that should adorn as well as enrich the stateliest library. Five of these productions have been awarded the first prize in their respective years by the American Typographical Society for the finest workmanship in books. In the two volumes of "The Gentleman of Elvas" these publications have reached their high water mark. Volume 1, a collotype reproduction of the New York Library's rare copy of the "Relaçam," is so expertly presented by the Yale University Press that it seems to surpass in artistry the classic beauty of the original; and the larger second volume of translation and annotations maintains the same typographical perfection.

Readers of historical flair will forget the form in following the content. In prefaces to either volume and a rich bibliographical sketch Dr. Robertson presents with the simplicity of a master the true story of Spanish achievement in our southeastern domains, and evaluates the voluminous mass of publications and sources contributed thereto through the centuries, particularly those bearing on the great De Soto circuit of the southland, 1539-1543. The translation catches the spirit as well as the meaning of the original; but the two hundred pages of annotations not only add much to what the observant Elvas perceived of the deeds and habits of native and invader and the productions and character of the regions traversed, but supplement with relevant enlightenment the further contributions of all other writers. Though rightly judging the Elvas narrative the most reliable primary source on the De Soto Expedition and discrediting to some extent the later Garcilaso version, he adopts the Inca's more favorable presentation of De Soto and his missionary company, and pronounces Maynard's "De Soto," which takes a like attitude, the best biography of him.

While editing the *Hispanic American Historical Review* and directing and supervising the Florida Historical Society publications and listing laboriously all the documents in Spanish archives relating to Spanish-American history, Dr. Robertson has acquired a unique mastery of Spanish-American lore as well as a consuming interest in putting its upsetting facts in proportionate truth before the American public. His latest work is, in erudition as well as form and finish, an American masterpiece, to which we can proudly point and say, "This is a book."

MICHAEL KENNY.

A Portrait with Flaws

Boris Godunof, by Stephen Graham. New York: Yale University Press. $2.50.

THE AUTHOR'S previous work on Ivan the Terrible is a masterpiece of biography, but "Boris Godunof," which is a continuation of the story of Ivan, is disappointing. Mr. Graham's new book is perhaps more complete than the first, and must have entailed much research, for it is essentially a historical book, and not a

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biography; wherein lies its chief defect. The story of Boris is submerged in the description of the misdeeds or virtues of insignificant people, his personality is not described, nor are the peculiarities which go far to explain his conduct sketched, and the two most important things that he did are not mentioned at all. There is no stress laid on the fact that he was the first Russian sovereign to endeavor to give Russia her place among European nations. He initiated the reforms which Peter the Great was to bring about. That Boris was a European in culture as well as in his instincts, Mr. Graham does not seem to have at all realized. In contrast to this, Boris also attached the Russian peasant to his soil and enslaved him with a succession of decrees that lasted until the emancipation of the serfs by Alexander II. Mr. Graham passes this fact in silence.

The entire book is confusing and not easy to read, even for those who know Russian history extremely well. The romantic story of the false Dmitry is told in much too dry a tone, and there is no mention of the real reason why Poland supported his claims. The centuries-long enmity between these two countries was the leitmotif of all the troubled events of that time. But Mr. Graham ignores this, just as he has ignored other salient points of Boris's story.

He has written a most painstaking book, but not one likely to live. There is too much in it that might have been omitted to advantage, and not enough of the real facts which make of Boris Godunof one of the most remarkable as well as one of the most romantic figures of his time.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

A Great Reporter

Bare Hands and Stone Walls, by Charles Edward Russell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

THIS is the lively story of the life of a man who has been "agin" everything ever since he was a boy. All that is necessary to make a thing anathema to Mr. Russell is for it to be; the fact of its existence puts it *ipso facto* in the wrong. He does not put forth his dogmas as opinions, but with an infallibility, an inerrancy, and a contemptuous sweeping aside of all contrary considerations as inventions of the devil.

This is characteristic of every book Mr. Russell has written; but here is the story of his own life, and so it shines forth more conspicuously than it did, for instance, when he undertook to be the biographer of Wendell Phillips or of James G. Blaine. Add to this combination of intolerance with cocksureness, the fact that he is exasperatingly inaccurate about facts and details concerning even events in which he played a prominent part, and the question may arise why this book is worth so much reviewing space.

The answer is that it is not only interesting but engrossing and fascinating. Russell was either an actor or an observer (with good opportunities for study) in nearly every reform or supposedly reform movement for sixty years. As a boy he was hot for the Granger move-

SHEED & WARD & LIFE

Nicholas Berdyaev's *THE END OF OUR TIME* ($2.25) moved the *New York Times Book Review* to real enthusiasm: "So persuasive is his style, so rich in imagery, so religious in feeling, yet withal so logical, that he is able to convey the most recondite idea with a force truly astonishing." What *is* the recondite idea? That our age is ending and the world is on the threshold of a new Dark Ages. Man in conquering the earth has lost hold on self: faith and hope in self have followed faith and hope in God into the discard. Karl Marx is the legitimate child of modern history: in Russia explicitly but everywhere else potentially socialism grows and "The face of man is hidden in the dark shadow of a collectivism that has no face." The book is original, indeed sensational, in its survey of our present woes. Catholics should not fail to grasp a message so profound.

A brilliant sidelight on the same theme is to be found in Jacques Maritain's *THEONAS* ($2.00) which has for subtitle *Philosophy and Progress*. Man has denied the supernatural and sought the joy and reward and fruition which belong to it in the natural plane, where they are doomed to sterility. What then is the Catholic attitude in face of a life slowing down and a supernatural denied? Primarily and as a condition of all action whatsoever, to be soaked in the Catholic doctrine of Life. Hence F. J. Sheed's *A MAP OF LIFE* ($1.25). In form it is a statement of the great doctrines of Catholicism as forming the total expression of life as it should be and the key to life as it is. The doctrine of the Supernatural Life, stated with unusual fullness, is central. The book suggests a reorientation of life in the light of the Supernatural and gives the elements of doctrines taken as known by such writers as Berdyaev, Maritain and Karl Adam.

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ment of the 1870's; as a man he was a Greenbacker, a Populist, a Single Taxer, a trust-buster, finally—it follows from his bent—a Socialist. He was also in a myriad minor movements, everything that was "agin" something. Now he tells the story in a manner so exciting that it keeps the reader glued to his pages.

The book should be read for its sheer interest, and also because it depicts parts of our history which the new generation never heard of or has forgotten. But it should be read with the caution that its statements of fact must be taken with a grain of salt. Mr. Russell honestly believes he is stating everything accurately. The fault is with his mind, not his honesty. His chapter on the Henry George uprising is a splendid bit of writing. The fact that in that chapter he makes statements so amusing to a Catholic reader as that Father McGlynn was put out of the Church for the crime of saying that poverty was an unnecessary evil and then, in some mysterious manner—mysterious to a Catholic—got back into it again is a sufficient illustration of the caution with which Mr. Russell's most cocksure statements must be taken.

Of this the most admiring and interesting reader will be warned by the author's arrogant manner and his certainty that wisdom will die with him. He was born knowing it all. His manner so repels assent that probably even a Socialist would be driven involuntarily into hostility by his way of putting the argument for his own Socialism. Nevertheless, he has revived memories that histories forget; he believes all he says, and as a story-teller he has few equals.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Father McClorey's Sermons

Figures in the Drama of Salvation: Twelve Sermons, by the Rev. J. A. McClorey, S. J. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $1.50.

HERE is that rare phenomenon, a book of sermons that makes good reading. The title would lead one to expect character-studies of certain biblical personages. Indeed, each of the sermons presents a New Testament figure: from Peter, John and Thomas to Caiphas, Pilate and Herod; but in most instances the individual is treated as a type of some human virtue or failing, or as representing some religious or moral problem of our own time. Thus Peter is a type of faith; but the sermon deals at length with such questions of practical moment as the rational grounds of faith, "blind" faith, the relation between faith and the Church, the Bible, and miracles. The same theme appears under the title "Thomas; Scepticism." In "Caiphas; Jealousy," the attitude of the world toward the Church and its objections to her are discussed. In "Judas; Evil," the problem of moral evil is handled with clarity and precision.

In the predominantly apologetical sermons, the reasoning is straightforward, forceful and generally convincing. It might be even more so if there were a little more unity and a little less digressiveness; but this does not detract from the general effect. In the discourses on "Pilate;

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Worldliness," and "Herod; Pleasure," as in the moral lessons generally, the author displays a nice balance and moderation.

He does not try to build heaven on the ashes of earth. He reveals a just appreciation of "domestic and social elegance, with its music, costumes, cuisine, flowers, dancing, cosmetics and conversation," as well as of the grander luxuries of painting, sculpture and architecture. This may possibly shock the Philistines. It will, however, make clear to those who sometimes wonder about such things that Catholicism is not opposed to the good things of earth except in so far—and the point is well made—as they get in the way of heaven. There is a trace of severity on the subject of women, and particularly American women; the more so that "masculine foolishness" is "expected and condoned," at least in young men at the "golden period of life": but even here the author admits that he paints only part of the picture.

The book is recommended as a solid and readable treatment of certain Catholic beliefs and attitudes which are often questioned and seldom satisfactorily explained.

WILLIAM GRANGER RYAN.

The Burnham Odyssey

Round the World on a Penny, by Anita Willets Burnham. New York: Covici Friede. $2.00.

THE LONGING to see strange and far places has been the cause of epic adventures and has formed the material for notable romantic careers. Travel is alluring to most people, but the inhibiting effect of family cares and the fearsomeness that results from lack of a plentitude of means, deters many a Marco Polo from going on his imagined world jaunts. Not so in the case of the Burnham "tribe." Anita Willets Burnham has set down the record of the travels of herself, her husband and four growing children in an entertaining book, "Around the World on a Penny." The Burnhams, as they are known to thousands on Chicago's North Shore, led by this indomitable woman, traveled twice to foreign lands and their second trip, of two years duration, took them around the world. To substantiate the reference to a "penny" in the title, a statement of the cost of the trips is included, and the reference seems not far-fetched.

Needless to say luxury was lacking, but not adventure and the fun of doing without, which last as an amusement is strange to the modern American traveler. Yet it is true that pullman and luxury liner travel yield their own ennui, while the rough road the Burnhams traveled, though often uncomfortable, was never dull. They substituted for the comfort money can buy, a gaiety of spirit that was more than adequate.

The significance of this book lies in a quality that is beyond its avowed purpose. It is more than an amusing book of travel, for its implications have to do with a fine courage and spirit of adventure, undulled by American comfort, family responsibilities and that concurrent "settling down" of middle age.

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Briefer Mention

The Avatars. A Futurist Fantasy, by A. E. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

THIS is not an artist's book, the artistry is at fault, mainly through lack of precision, in almost every chapter. It is not a philosopher's book—it evades almost everything in the natural world (speaking of love only to scorn it) and it ignores the human reason. But it is a poet's book—a glorious poet's holiday. Tagore would understand this book; certain initiates of A. E.'s own training; anybody intimate with the imagery and turn of thought of Indian lore. But for the rest of us A. E. has to pay the price of his happiness and wisdom, in popularity and intelligibility. He has so long wandered in the byways of thought which once were highways that "he has learned to speak a tongue men do not know." He has steeped himself in the lesser giants of the spirit as no other poet has ever done. What holds him farthest from us is his refusal to develop his thought to an ethic or a theology. He deliberately refuses to codify his faith. For after all, as one of the characters says, "There can be no revelation of the spirit without an ethic."

St. Brigid of Ireland, by Alice Curtayne. Dublin: Browne and Nolan, Ltd. 3s. 6d.

THIS is a quite beautiful book about Saint Brigid. Miss Curtayne, whose "St. Catherine of Siena" of a year or so ago marked her as a hagiographer of restraint and crystal clear precision, presenting her subject without the usual clutter of words and phrases, well-intended but unnecessary, has if anything improved on her art. Against a background of the mists of time and a confusion of legends, she gives us what we can well believe is the life-like portrait of a heroically generous woman, a woman who has been a model and a glory to Ireland and the world. The great-hearted generosity of the saints is probably one of their virtues which our modern world least appreciates and could most enjoy. Brigid is a moving and marvelous example. In what she says of one of the legends surrounding the saint, Miss Curtayne explains her discriminating method, "It is valuable in the way all tradition is valuable, it enshrines a character."

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